

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4733 [REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1921.

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WILLIAM HENRY TYRER,

Town Clerk.

Town Clerk's Office, Wigan,
January 6, 1921.

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Chief Librarian.

January 10, 1921.

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in the Dewey, Subject, Cutter and Library of Congress
Classifications.
Section 4 (Cataloguing).
"On variations in cataloguing practice according to the
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Section 5 (Library Organization).
"The probable development of the Public Library Service
of the Kingdom under the Act of 1919; the possible creation
of a unified controlling authority, with the effect—beneficial
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Section 6 (Library Routine).
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E. C. KYTE,
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JANUARY 14, 1921

No. 4733

THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

ON Sunday, December 12, 1920, the only Free Library available for the 90,000 inhabitants of the city of Cork was burnt to the ground. The Library Committee has issued an appeal to all members of the world of Letters and Art for help in re-establishing the library. The destruction of books and periodicals was, unfortunately, complete, and of the 14,000 volumes, the slow garnering of 28 years, nothing is left but a heap of ashes. New temporary premises have been secured, although, at the present time, the finances of the city are unable to render much assistance. The Committee states that every class of book will be gratefully received, and a special bookplate, inscribed with the name of the donor, will be put on every book.

We are interested to note that there is good reason to believe that the Cinema may shortly be improved, for it is impossible to ignore the fact that the Cinema now plays a very prominent part in forming the dramatic and artistic taste of the people. We have never been amongst those who loftily condemn the Cinema and all its works, but we frankly admit that there is room for considerable improvement in the quality of the average productions. Some of the promised improvement is due to a genuine development of the public taste; writers of intelligence are now being asked to write for the films. But the improvement will be due chiefly to economic conditions. American enterprise has proved altogether too daring, and a big slump is threatened. The immense spectacular film will become increasingly rare, and more attention will be paid to films that hold an audience by their plot and subtlety rather than by their evidence of lavish expenditure. It is, indeed, time that the

possibilities of this new art form began to be seriously investigated.

* * *

The French Professeurs de Lycée, a class corresponding, roughly, with English Public School masters, have rejected the offer of bonuses made to them by M. Honnorat, Minister of Public Instruction. For the older assistant professors the proposed increase amounted to 300fr. per year, corresponding to £5 at the present rate of exchange. For those who have just become assistant professors the rate proposed is 23c. a day, which amounts at most to about £1 8s. per year. Professeurs de Lycée are in France Civil Servants, yet their present rate of pay is only some 10 per cent. in advance of that of 1853, and is now actually less than that of a postman. This state of affairs is particularly hard upon the older professors, who naturally are practically unable to obtain any other post. The younger members of the profession are eagerly seeking work in other directions. Of the 275 lecturers who passed the examination last year nearly a hundred refused to take a teaching post. The grave importance of this state of affairs is obvious, and it is disquieting to learn that France is showing herself indifferent to the claims of education, particularly at the present time, when the things of the spirit require more than ever to be kept alive in the world.

* * *

By the bequest of Mr. John Kirkhope of Edinburgh, the National Gallery of Scotland finds itself greatly enriched. Six Corots and examples of Monticelli, Daubigny, Diaz, Jacque, and yet other French painters of the period; three pictures by Bosboom, with a landscape by Jacob Maris, a water-colour by Mauve and typical work by Neuhuys—these form a notable acquisition.

AN ORDINARY MAN

HE was driving her home in a taxi, and in emphasis of something she was saying she pressed his knee with her hand. With a jerk he shrank back into his corner, and revealed to her for the first time the intensity of his passion for her. After that she avoided seeing him alone; but the very fact that they both knew made the atmosphere more explosive. The air was unbreathable with the impending thunderstorm.

To-day it had broken, and she was looking at him with big, distressed eyes, feeling somehow that it was indecent for her to be seeing a naked soul. His whole face and voice had changed. Every now and then he shut his eyes as if to blot out her physical presence. His mouth seemed a different shape, and his hot, dry lips had a limp, formless look as if he had no control over them.

The thought struck her that they looked waterproof, but she put the ribald suggestion from her, shocked by her own levity.

"You are so unlike other women," he said. She accepted it with a sigh, wondering if anyone would ever say to her: "You are all the women who have ever lived, and yourself." What fun to be Helen and Cleopatra and Madame de Genlis and Jane Welsh Carlyle! Her mind was wandering.

"You see, I have never met anyone at all like you," he went on, while she added Ninon de l'Enclos and Jane Austen to her list. "I didn't know I could want to kiss anyone more than anything in the world and then not do it out of love."

This brought back her attention. Always she had been loved by sensual men reverently; once only by an intellectual passionately. Both were flattering, the first more convenient, the second more satisfactory.

"I wonder if you know what I mean?"

"I think I do," she said very gently, as one who had strained her subtlety to meet the peculiarities of the situation.

"I believe you would find it difficult to forgive me if I kissed you," he went on, "you are so odd. I believe you would really be angry."

"Not angry—sad," she said, smiling a little cynically at this mobilization of his chivalry.

"Good God! don't you know I would rather die than make you that?"

He knelt down and put his head in her lap. "I wish I could do things for you every day and all day, for ever."

She seemed to meet him everywhere, and always the knowledge that he was in the room made her prettier. There is nothing so beautifying as being loved. It was delightful to feel that, whomever he was talking to and whomever he was looking at, his ears and eyes were really running away towards her.

He never could make up his mind whether to go up to her or not. He hated to have to snatch little moments of her time away from other people—people to whom she was merely a woman, or a friend, or even an acquaintance—and yet he could not keep away. He had to come up to see whether her face was just the same as he remembered it and to hear the gurgle

in her voice like the pouring of water when the jug is nearly full.

"Poor man, he is terribly in love with you."

"Do you *think* so?" she answered with arched eyebrows. "He is always very sweet to me and is wonderfully unselfish, and then, poor man"—her voice was infinitely tender—"he is suffering from shell-shock."

She liked him best when he hurried her out of draughts, wrapped rugs round her legs, pulled up the collars of her coats and nearly strangled her with her furs. The little touch of clumsiness in his tenderness always melted her . . .

"All the afternoon while I played cards at my club I smelt my hands, for it seemed to me that a little whiff of your scent had clung to them." . . .

His letters were curiously better than she expected them to be—always. And she liked his graceful handwriting and the way he wrote her name.

There was a woman—a girl—who was in love with him and of whom he saw a great deal. She always praised her and sometimes wondered.

The doctor sent him to the country; and twice every day he wrote to her from his chaise-longue, and twice every day she wrote to him in order that no post should be a disappointment. She never could resist illness. He went to stay with the girl and mentioned her very little in his letters. Also he wrote about "your great superiority; when we are together I always feel that I am mixing dross with gold." Little twinges of anxiety went through her.

"What a contemptible creature I am!" she thought. "After all, I didn't want his love."

He came to stay with her, and his great talent came into play, his talent for country-house life. He did everything better than anyone else; but just now under doctor's orders he was forbidden exercise. Every morning she went into his room, and he very courteously refused every suggestion she made for his comfort or his happiness. Sometimes she played golf before breakfast so that she should be back in time for him, should he want her. Always she tried to conceal the sacrifices she was making. "I would be so grateful if you would come with me in the motor . . ." Or, if he was installed in the garden, "May I come and sit here for a few minutes?"

There were days when nothing was right. He contradicted everything she said, and asked her if she were trying to irritate him. Sometimes at night in bed she cried with exhaustion.

Her aunt loved him. Such a very nice young man. So sweet to old people. So touchingly devoted to his mother. Why, he never seemed to think of himself at all. His manners were perfect. He was charming to everyone. He knew something about everything. He rarely seemed to be out of his depth, but then he could swim a little. She smiled at his beautiful steering through the heavy traffic of facts. His public attitude towards her was perfect. Tender, deferential, anxiously considerate, he always seemed to be there to push her chair in or to pull it out; and when he picked up her handkerchief or her glove, he gave it her with a peculiar little intimate look that everyone noticed. She knew that people said: "His care of her is really very touching. She is rather a selfish woman." She

went on bearing it all, deaf to his delicate, ingenious insults.

"I suppose," she said to herself, "that I love him now that I know the very bottom of his shallows." The thought humiliated her, but she faced it with the rest.

She could register the arrival of a third person by the change in his voice and his expression. The caressing note and the caressing look that once belonged to her were now exploited on her. He still lifted her feet on to sofas and tucked a shawl round her—unless they happened to be alone. She wondered if he smiled to see her in a trap, and sometimes she wondered why he wanted to keep her there.

It appeared that the girl was engaged to someone else. Perhaps they were keeping up appearances. She was keeping up appearances for them. And he had once loved her!

At last one day he went. He said good-bye very tenderly, though there was only a porter to see them. He looked, she thought, a little guilty.

Out of the window of the train he took her hand and kissed it.

"Still the same old scent. I have forgotten what it was called."

"*Gage d'amour*," she murmured, ridiculously conscious that a mist of tears was clouding her eyes.

* * *

"I want you to be the first to know . . ."

So it had come at last, the long-expected letter. She looked quickly down the page for "I want you to love Effie"; and there sure enough it was.

She laughed a little, and sent them a magnificently impersonal present with an invitation to lunch.

"You are a wonderful psychologist," said the playwright. "I have never known you wrong."

"Haven't you?" she smiled, bantering him with the tone of her voice. And then, seriously: "I was once completely taken in by someone."

"He must have been a very remarkable person."

"No," she said, meditatively, "he wasn't. He was—yes—he was just an ordinary man."

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

THE HONOURS LIST

I APPROACH every Honours List with a certain half-fearful expectation. One never knows.

They tell me that you are offered the thing first, some days before the news of your acceptance is flashed round the Empire, so that the publication of the list, with your name in it, is no surprise to yourself, however great a one it be to your friends. But accidents happen; or, at least, I tell myself that they happen. I have a conviction that if my knighthood ever comes, it will come upon me suddenly; I shall open the paper, just as I opened it this morning, and there—there!—will be my name. How I shall tremble!

My pleasure is to look down the list letter by letter, rather than to make quick work of it by a glance at the headlines. In the old O.B.E. days I would give up a morning to the "M's," my breath coming fast and more fast as I progressed laboriously from the Masons to the Meads, and from the Meads to

the Millers. At the Millers we were near to knowing the worst; another dozen names and we were on to it. No; not this time. Spurious Milnes there might be, but I took no interest in them. If my name were not first among them, I should not be there at all. Well, well, perhaps next time—on Mr. Lloyd George's birthday, or whenever these things happened.

How will the sub-editors announce it? "New Year's Honours—Five New Peers—Mr. A. A. Milne Knighted"; it is because I fear the suddenness, the crudity, of this that I prefer to travel slowly down the list, savouring the names of some of my companions-at-arms first. Perhaps I am unduly fearful. The news, after all, may be announced obliquely; "Literature Honoured" for instance. This would leave the thing pleasantly vague. It might be Thomas Hardy, or it might be me. Or should I say "It might be I"? Perhaps I ought to get this point settled before I accept the knighthood. For an esquire to make a mistake in grammar is no great matter, but for a knight—! "It might be Thomas Hardy or it might be—" Yes, I see now that it was stupid of me to have dragged in Thomas Hardy at all.

I have a friend who scoffs at my ambitions. He says that the whole Honours system is a joke. When I protested, he told me the true story of that excellent knight, Sir John Mallord. You shall judge for yourself.

Perhaps you have forgotten the wild excitement produced by the name of "John Mallord, author," in a recent Honours List. There was a rustling of reference books in editorial offices, a hasty sending-out for the "Literary Year-Book" and other helpful works. Who was John Mallord? What had he written? People questioned each other in drawing-rooms and clubs; none could answer save the man-who-always-knows. "John Mallord?" said he. "Yes, he's the fellow who wrote—what was it called? And that other book—you know the one I mean. Dashed clever, but I don't know that I care for that style myself." But of definite information, none.

Here, however, is the true story.

In the year 19—, in the month of —, my friend, whom I will call Smith, although that is not his real name, wrote to the Chief Whip of the Government then in power, and expressed for the body of intellectual men who at that time composed the Cabinet an admiration such as must have surprised even the Chief Whip himself. But he desired also to put this admiration into as practical a form as possible, and with this purpose in view he ventured to enclose banknotes for £5,000. And he had the honour to remain the Chief Whip's humble obedient servant, John Mallord.

Two days afterwards, a gentleman called at my friend Smith's house, and inquired if Mr. Mallord was at home. In answer to the usual question, he gave the apparently assumed name of Sir Benjamin Guggenheim, and was shown into the library.

"Mr. Mallord?" said Sir Benjamin. Smith, outwardly calm, though wearing a false moustache and beard, bowed, and indicated a seat.

For some time after this there was silence in the room, broken only by a remark of Sir Benjamin's—

an attractive-looking young man to those who like that style—that it was a fine day. Gradually, however, his reserve left him, and before he took his leave, he had indicated that if Mr. Mallord had another £5,000 at his disposal, there was a certain patriotic use to which this money also could be put. Need he say more?

I shall not follow these two men—Smith with his false name and beard, Sir Benjamin Guggenheim with (apparently) *his* false name, and what Smith says was a false nose—I shall not follow them through all their negotiations. It is enough to say that during their final interview in the month of —ember it was definitely promised that Mr. John Mallord should become Sir John.

"How would you wish to be described, Mr. Mallord?" said Sir Benjamin, taking out his gold pencil and preparing to make a note of it. "We like the public to know just why these titles are given. Shall I say 'Public services' or 'Local charities' or 'Organizing work'?"

"I am an author," said Smith. Actually he was a very rich man, with a perverted sense of humour, but he was beginning to get quite interested in John Mallord, and saw him suddenly as an author.

"Excellent," said Sir Benjamin. "An author or an artist in the list gives it a note of distinction which is most desirable." He hesitated, and then went on, "I am afraid I—one doesn't have very much time—could you—?"

Smith, realizing that he was being asked what books Mr. Mallord had written, and not having decided as yet, replied that he would be very glad to send Sir Benjamin a copy of his best-known work.

"Thanks," said Sir Benjamin. "That will be excellent. Naturally the Prime Minister—we shall all look forward to reading it."

When Sir Benjamin was gone, my friend Smith began to ask himself what book John Mallord had written, and how it was possible to have it printed in the time. After a little thought he decided that this famous author was an economist and had written a book called "The Wealth of Nations." In design it would be similar to the similarly named book by that other worker in a similar field, Adam Smith, and, as it happened, similar also in execution, and in the actual length, shape, substance, and arrangement of the sentences. In fact, the only discernible difference between these two masterpieces would be in the author's name on the cover and the title-page. But, as my friend Smith reflected, the cover and the title-page were the important matters; all indeed that a busy man reads; all that Sir Benjamin or the Prime Minister, those busy politicians, would have time to assimilate.

"The Wealth of Nations," then, "by John Mallord," was dispatched as soon as possible to Sir Benjamin Guggenheim. Its reception was all that Mr. Mallord could have wished for his book, and much more than Smith could have expected. For both the Prime Minister and Sir Benjamin wrote that they had read the book from cover to cover with the deepest interest, and that, while venturing to differ from the author's conclusions in Chapter IV.—(in Sir Benjamin's case, Chapter V.)—they none the

less regarded the book, taken as a whole, as a monument of thoughtful industry and a masterpiece of lucidity. Sir Benjamin even hinted that it would survive when many other books of inferior merit had been forgotten. All of which pleased my friend Smith very much.

But, of course, the editors and the sub-editors and the ordinary men in the clubs could not be expected to guess at Mr. Mallord's recent literary activities. So when the Honours List appeared, they naturally asked each other: "Who is John Mallord?"

My friend Smith, no doubt in order to soften my disappointment at being omitted again from the Honours List, tells me the answer. I pass it on to you.

A. A. MILNE.

Poetry

DUST

A cone of dust is dancing at the lane end,
Caught from the surface of the thirsty trackway
And dropped again, into annihilation,
By gusts from nowhere.

Upon the wheel of little whirlwind moulded,
It billows in a wreath of spiral beauty,
But swifter than the smoke of fire dislimning,
Endures no longer.

So I, intrinsical one slippery moment,
Share with my brief, grey brother at the lane end
His buffet into being, then, unfettered,
A like dismissal.

Dust of the cosmos, you alone eternal,
Immutable behind a myriad garments;
Your stars grow ripe upon the boughs of heaven;
But you bate nothing.

All one to you the forms and the reforming,
The fashion of the man, or mouse, or mountain,
So order be declared and conquered chaos
Dethroned for ever.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

THE SILVER TREE

I wish that I could see one night
That tree in Cairo, near the Nile,
On which at dusk the egrets light
And sleep awhile.

At earliest dawn they fly away
Into the desert—who knows where?—
And the great, dark-leaved tree all day
Stands blossom-bare.

But when dusk folds the Citadel
Within Mokattam Hills, it brings
To that expectant tree the thrill
Of homing wings.

Down the long reaches of the Nile
The silver birds come winging home,
Past Boulac and Gezireh's Isle,
Past mosque and dome.

And suddenly the tree is dressed
In a white radiance of bloom,
As bird on bird drops down to rest
With folded plume.

The lovely moon upon her way
Looks down, and watches with delight
The silver tree, so bare by day,
Blossom all night.

FRANCIS KEPPEL.

REVIEWS

GOETHE

THE LIFE OF GOETHE. By P. Hume Brown. With a Prefatory Note by Viscount Haldane. 2 vols. (Murray. 36s. net.)

BY these two long and patient volumes the late Professor Hume Brown has laid the English-speaking world under a great obligation. We have here, for the first time in our language, an adequate summary of the immense literature that has accumulated about the life and work of Goethe. Lewes' life, no doubt, is more brilliant, amusing and penetrating, but necessarily, from its date, less complete and documented. Goethe, indeed, does not live in the voluminous pages before us; but the materials are there for anyone who wants to make him live.

There is hardly another man of letters whose life would deserve writing at such length. Of most poets, of most novelists, of most philosophers, their work is their legacy. We are not very curious how they lived, and, if we are, our curiosity is apt to lead us to disappointment. It is not so with Goethe. The man is more important than his work. He was, one might say, his own masterpiece, and much, perhaps most, of what he wrote is more interesting as throwing light on himself than for its intrinsic and enduring excellence. He has left, it is true, some perfect lyrics and ballads. His "Faust," in spite of its formlessness and (in the second part) its pedantries, takes rank, by its power, its beauty and its intellect, beside the great cosmic poems of the world. But few, save literary historians, read his novels or his dramas, and few, save explorers of the development of science, look into his "Farbenlehre." The works he has left behind are like meteorites dropped by a comet in its course. Most of them are cold now. It is the comet that blazes.

What then is the abiding interest of this extraordinary man? It is that he consciously and deliberately made his life an art, and that he had the faculties and materials to make it a great art. To begin with, he was a primitive energy. Never was youth more tumultuous, passionate and romantic than his. With wealth, beauty, charm and a warm heart, he conquered wherever he went. His long series of loves—some merely physical, some passionate, some intellectual and platonic—stretches from his first affair as a boy with Gretchen to his last at the age of 75, when he proposed for a girl of 19 and was heart-broken because her mother objected. Woman after woman he kindled to passion and left in the lurch. Yet none of these bore him any grudge, except Frau von Stein, who refused any longer to accept his soul, because he had given his body to a mistress. Never was charge so mistaken as that which accuses him as a cold-blooded egotist. His nature was so hot and impulsive that, to the very end of his life, he had difficulty in controlling it. Sensitive to every environment, he was adequate to them all. He called himself a chameleon. And Felix Mendelssohn said of him "the world will come to believe that there have been, not one, but many Goethes." It was because he had been so many things that he was able to understand so much.

A man so constituted must, in any case, have made a brilliant career, as Byron did. But the career might also have been brief and disastrous as his was. In his youth Goethe suffered from physical and mental stress brought on by his own excesses and intensities. He played with the idea of suicide. It was the theme of his first masterpiece. And long afterwards he said of "Werther": "I am uneasy when I look at it, and dread the return of the psychological condition out of which it sprang." He had it in him to follow any false trail to any catastrophe.

But alongside of this powerful and sensitive temperament there dwelt in him the impulse of an artist and the intellect of a philosopher. Everything that happened to him he had the power to detach from himself, recreate as a work of art, and then absorb again as a contribution to his wisdom. The products of his genius were to him not so much ends as means. They furthered the process of living, and that process itself was the goal. But this description implies more self-consciousness than was always there. It is what an observer from outside now sees to have been going on. Still, the observer was also in Goethe, alongside of the actor; and at the end of every crisis and phase it emerged and took notes. It is that that gives to his autobiography its curious and rather repellent tone. When he wrote it he was observing his youth dispassionately; and he forgot that his youth had not been observing itself. "It was a remarkable decree of the powers that rule us that, in the course of my singular career, I should also experience the feelings of one betrothed." Could anyone but Goethe have been so solemn and so devoid of humour? How different is the contemporary record of this episode with Lili Schönemann!

Oh, that I could tell you all! Here in the room of the girl who is the cause of my misery—without her fault, with the soul of an angel, over whose cheerful days I cast a gloom, I! In vain that for three months I have wandered under the open sky, and drunk in a thousand new objects with all my senses.

Better than in the autobiography the reflective soul of Goethe is displayed in the famous note he made in his thirtieth year:

Quiet retrospect of my past life, on the confusions of youth, its unrest, its craving for knowledge, its endless seeking after something that will bring satisfaction. How especially I found delight in mysteries, in obscure fanciful relations of things. How half-heartedly I attacked anything scientific, and how ready I was to let it slip from me again. How a kind of shamefaced egotism runs through all I then wrote. How shortsightedly and giddily I concerned myself with things human and divine. How there was so little of deliberate action, nay even of well-directed thinking, and creation; how many days were lost in time-consuming sentiment and unreal passion; how little profit I derived therefrom; and now that half of my life is spent, there is no turning back, but rather I am like one who has saved himself from drowning and whom the sun beneficently begins to dry. The time I have spent in the bustle of the world since October I do not yet trust myself to review. God help further and vouchsafe light that we may not stand so much in our own way; cause us from morning till night to do our duty, and give us clear conceptions of the consequences of things, so that one may not be as men who all day long complain of headache, and to cure it dose themselves with drugs, and every evening take too much wine. May the idea of purity, which extends even to the morsel I take into my mouth, become ever brighter in me.

A man so endowed, and with such a purpose working in him, was bound to lead a varied and eventful life. In this respect Goethe resembles the great men of the Renaissance. A boyhood spent in sampling every side of the picturesque life of Frankfort, from the crowning of an Emperor to the writing of love poems for loose young ladies in taverns; a youth like that of his own Faust, of feverish quest at once for knowledge and experience; rebellion against the profession of law and a breakaway from Frankfort to the Court of Weimar; ten strenuous years as administrator of that petty kingdom, recruiter of the army, manager of the mines, reformer of land tenure, builder of roads and bridges; then, by an uncontrollable revulsion, a flight (for such it was) to Italy, a plunge not merely into art and art criticism, but into a new form of existence and apprehension brought home to him, as once to fifteenth-century Florence, by the relics of antiquity; a deliberate and reluctant return to Germany with his new treasures, which nobody there wanted; long years of theatrical management and scientific theory and practice; the French Revolution; two military campaigns at the side of the Duke; the occupation of

Weimar by French troops; the interview with Napoleon; the war of German liberation, from which he stood aloof, indifferent whether Germany was governed by the French or by the Germans, so long as it was governed well; death at last, at the age of 83, with the words on his lips (as one would like still to believe), "More light!"—what a career for a man of letters!

Was the man an egotist who so lived? Not, certainly, in the silly and petty sense intended by most of the critics who so call him. His life abounds with examples of practical helpfulness to individual people in distress of body or mind. As administrator at Weimar he was obsessed by the virtues and the needs of the common people, and he fought hard for them. He insisted on the Duke cutting down his army from 600 men to 300, and on diminishing his personal expenses that there might be more revenue to devote to the interests of his subjects. In the vulgar sense, that he thought only of himself, no one was ever less an egotist. But in another sense no one was ever more one. "Man," he said, "ought to keep firm hold of every possession and make himself the centre from which the common good may flow. He must be an egotist in order not to become an egotist." The sense of that is plain, and Goethe was always repeating it. Only personality counts, and only a man who is something to himself can become anything to anyone else. Mr. Bernard Shaw has made this gospel familiar in England, and there is nothing much to say about it, except that the value of such egotism depends on the value of the ego. Not everyone can draw the bow of Ulysses. And people who try and fail are apt to be ridiculous, if not dangerous.

What, then, has this egotist, whose life was so well worth living, to contribute to the lives of other lives? The record of his life, and his ideas about living. These really are more important than his works. Or, rather, his works are important as containing these. No one capable of being an artist at all was ever so indifferent as Goethe to perfection in his art. He left more fragments than finished products. And he stuffed his fragments, almost cynically, into any bag handy for holding them. Thus, for example, finding that his "*Wilhelm Meister*" would not fill the two volumes of his collected works destined for it, he "handed to Eckermann two packets containing papers on miscellaneous subjects, and instructed him to make a selection from these, and, though they had no relation to the book as a whole, to insert in the manuscript as many of them as were necessary to complete the two volumes." His "*Tasso*" and "*Iphigenie*," written when he was under the influence of Greek ideals, are the most perfect of his longer works. But many readers find them tedious. His best poems are those he produced almost somnambulically. And in this respect he resembles Wordsworth.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

(To be concluded.)

MOUNTAIN CRAFT

MOUNTAIN CRAFT. Edited by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. (Methuen. 25s. net.)

TWENTY-EIGHT years have passed since the leaders of British Mountaineering produced the Badminton volume. The time is ripe for a restatement of Alpine technique. No man is better qualified to assume the leadership of a modern Alpine symposium than Mr. Young, and he has certainly succeeded in collecting an imposing company of experts to assist him. Captain Farrar, the leading authority on equipment, deals with this important subject. Dr. Spencer writes of mountain photography, Mr. Wollaston of tropical mountaineering, Sir Martin Conway of Spitzbergen, Dr. Longstaff of the Himalayas. Other mountain ranges are dealt with by Cecil Slingsby, Malcolm Ross, Claud Elliott, Harold

Raeburn, George Finch, and A. L. Mumm, the well-known authority on the Rockies. No single climber, however distinguished, could write with authority on the whole field of modern mountaineering. Mr. Raeburn, for instance, has written a readable book on similar lines, but the contrast between the work of a single mountaineer and of the leading experts of the craft shows itself, to cite a single instance, in the fact that mountaineering on ski was dismissed by Mr. Raeburn with a page, but is treated in "*Mountain Craft*" to seventy pages of compact description.

Few mountaineers have shown themselves such masters of every branch of the craft as Mr. G. W. Young. His Alpine record is almost unparalleled for daring and success. Nor is he one of those who excel in action, but are incapable of passing on to others their stores of conscious and subconscious knowledge. His skill in analysing the methods which have yielded him such signal success is as marked as the triumphs which those methods have won.

Young has often been considered "the spoilt child of the mountains," a mountaineer who achieved desperate ascents by desperate means. Those who hold this view may be amused by the emphasis on caution which inspires every page of this book, and may, perhaps, realize that mountaineering genius can attempt in safety expeditions which would spell suicide for average climbers.

The difficulties and dangers vary not only with the condition of the mountain, but with the mood of the mountaineer. The most novel element in Young's book is his close analysis (the first of its kind) of the thousand psychological reactions which make or mar an expedition. An Alpine leader on expeditions of unusual difficulty should possess the same temperament which makes a first-class company officer. His task is in some ways harder, for he has neither King's Regulations nor the menace of a firing party to emphasize and reinforce a command which owes its influence to moral and not to official authority.

Technical books are often dull, but Young has the knack of making technicalities interesting. Space is too limited to discuss the many provoking and stimulating novelties with which these pages abound. No mountaineer can afford to neglect this book, and even armchair mountaineers will find it full of fascination, for it contains not only the technical aspect of our craft, but a brilliant analysis of the psychology of the sport. Passages remind us that Young has written the only really good poetry that mountaineering has produced. Incidentally his "*Wind and Hill*" and "*Freedom*" deserve a wider public among all lovers of authentic poetry.

During the war Young's leg was amputated above the knee, but the spirit which carried him up some of the grimmest cliffs in the Alps still burns with undiminished brightness. He has achieved with an artificial leg some of the more difficult Cumberland rock climbs. He follows where of old he led, and though he will never lead us again up the mountains whose moods none know better than he, he still remains the leader to whom we turn when planning new campaigns, to whom we go for counsel and encouragement and for the revival of Homeric memories. He may no longer be able to astonish us on granite ridges by his sureness of foot and the genius of his balance, but in the country of the mind the one-legged man is King.

A. L.

In the elaborate treatise entitled "*The Science of the Sacraments*" (Kegan Paul, 15s. net) Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, styled "Regionary Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church in Australasia," explains with many diagrams and maps the significance which he and his Theosophist associates attach to their reproduction of the principal rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

DAVID GRAY

IN THE SHADOWS. By David Gray. With an Introduction by John Ferguson. (Melrose. 1s. net.)

WE are grateful to Mr. Melrose for making accessible, in a popular form, Gray's death-bed sonnets; it is a praiseworthy enterprise. One wishes, indeed, that some passages of "The Luggie" could have been included, for the poem is not one that would suffer much in representation by extracts, and is most necessary in order to obtain a progressive view of its author's work. It is to be hoped that a more worthy memorial, H. G. Bell's 1874 edition of the Works, may be some day re-erected. Mr. John Ferguson's introduction to the present volume is sympathetic, but lapses once or twice into triviality; his appreciation of his delicate subject has obvious limitations. In this connection Buchanan's memorable essay is really indispensable, for it is infused with flashes of living insight which are hardly likely to be eclipsed now. The sonnets themselves have, like all Gray's poetry, a fine, unmistakable quality, arresting at once to the "inward eye," curiously vivid, personal, intense. The intellectual content, though slight, is firm and satisfying. There is a continuity of thought, a unity of attitude, which makes itself felt through the pervading gloom—for the shadows of the end were fast closing and darkening around him. Here is, indeed, "the utter poetry of woe":

... I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry: forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies. . . .

The emotion is adequate, and adequately embodied. The secret of the poetic quality lies not only in fineness of receptivity—for that is an essential of all true lyrical impulse—but in a clearness of responsiveness as rare as it is unmistakable. The impulse of poetry is transmitted in its purity, as through a pellucid stream, to find re-birth in the expression that is but a crystallization of itself. No alien element in the consciousness can touch or shadow it. So there is no trace of the morbid, of the unduly subjective, as there might very well have been. It is remarkable that Gray should have found his *métier* in the sonnet; he must have done so instinctively. The 'fifties had not been a good period for the English sonnet: the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" were still the dominant influence; they have much fine poetry, but are hardly admirable as sonnets. Yet Gray, having scarcely any literary life in the professional sense, was not in the position or, indeed, the mood to be influenced by contemporary writers. This detachment, combined with the rare poetical quality inherent in them, enhances the suggestiveness of the sonnets from the technical point of view, for they reveal an apparent unawareness of technique remarkable in the case of a distinctly artificial form. Here, again, a comparison with "The Luggie" is of value, for although they differ so greatly in occasion and in form, the impulse and the quality of the two works are the same.

As to the nature of the poetical structure that might have been erected on the foundation of an apprehension so sincere, so limited, it were probably futile to conjecture. But there is place for David Gray in our consideration just now. He has mirrored for us the beauty of Nature in its relation, not, indeed, to the entire soul of a man (had he done this he would not have been a minor poet), but to one sensitive, intimate aspect of it. He is, above all, spontaneous. Nowadays our highest lyrical art is deliberate, feels out for its object with definite purpose. It is mainly lacking in spontaneity, and perhaps that is why it is chary of communing with natural beauty.

H. P. C.

MR. HUDSON'S STORIES

DEAD MAN'S PLACK, AND AN OLD THORN. By W. H. Hudson. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE dislike saying so; it seems, after the intense pleasure we have received from so many of Mr. Hudson's books, almost to savour of disloyalty; but "Dead Man's Plack" has been to us a disappointment. We opened it with the highest hopes; we remembered "El Ombu," we remembered "The Purple Land," we remembered, possibly above all, the delicate and fantastic beauty of "A Little Boy Lost"; we closed it with a feeling that we had been cheated of something—of what?—perhaps only of that indefinable magic it were more reasonable to demand of poetry than fiction. For the beauty of Mr. Hudson's style remains—there are even things in this book which only he could have written, and with this we seem to approach a little closer to the source of our disappointment. The book contains two pieces—one a middle-length tale of 150 pages, the other a story about one-fourth that length, not so much a story, indeed, as an essay, a sketch, with a story in it—and it is this shorter piece which is Mr. Hudson's own; the longer might have been written by another hand and, so far as the story goes, have remained almost if not quite the same.

"Dead Man's Plack" is the romance of Elfrida, who was the wife of King Edgar, and the murderess of her first husband Athelwold, and of her stepson Edward. She is the proud, exalted, beautiful, evil woman who repents and makes atonement, seeking, though we feel not ever finding, God. But Mr. Hudson has not made of her story a second "Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier." The subject, with all its possibilities (and Mr. Hudson is blind to none of them), seems to us to be stated rather than imaginatively presented; certainly it has not been transmuted, as Flaubert transmuted the legend of St. Julien, into a living masterpiece. It retains much of the remoteness, of the impersonal quality of a romantic chapter in history; it is better told than the historian would tell it, but, save in a few passages, it is not *differently* told. Where that difference does occur we become conscious at once of a new pleasure, as in those pages (merely fanciful though they be) wherein the neglected Elfrida sits dreaming of her two lovers, the fire and the stream, wondering how long it may be before she gives herself to one or other of them:

This one I think is too ardent in his love—it would be terrible to be wrapped round in his fiery arms and feel his fiery mouth on mine. I should rather go to the other one to lie down on his pebbly bed, and give myself to him to hold me in his cool, shining arms and mix his green hair with my loosened hair.

In those words, it seems to us, the historian is silent, and the poet, who is Mr. Hudson, speaks.

In "An Old Thorn" he speaks all the time. It is a beautiful thing, but it is beautiful because the tree is there, and because Mr. Hudson loves and understands trees as we can never understand them. The actual "story in it"—the story of the sheep-stealer who is hanged—might be taken away, and the beauty would remain. It is not pity for Johnnie Budd's misfortune, it is not the tragedy of his separation from wife and children, and of his cruel condemnation to death which moves us; it is the mystery and beauty of the tree, the echo of a still lingering tree-worship. The man to-day is dust, but the spirit of the tree is strangely alive and close to us. With a bare hint or two Mr. Hudson makes us believe in its individuality and power; we are removed only a step from those who would hang some secret gift upon its branches. This is indeed the W. H. Hudson we know and whose work we rejoice in, this is the creative artist whose breath fashioned those birds and beasts and serpents, that lightning and mist and sunlight and mirage, that wonderful and lovely world of his "Little Boy Lost."

F. R.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH

THE GUILT OF WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN. By Karl Kautsky.
(Skeffington, 16s. net.)

MANY attempts have already been made to fix the guilt of the war, and it is inevitable that the precedent should be followed as the results of the struggle make themselves felt more and more. Herr Kautsky's attempt differs from others in this, that he was given the freedom of the German Foreign Office archives to assist him in his research. His endeavours to get at the truth were honest, but they were also limited. He set out to find his way through the complicated labyrinth of modern diplomacy with the torch of Marx in his hand. Man is "merely the product of the conditions in which he grows up and lives." All States are by nature warlike. Capitalism creates imperialism. William Hohenzollern is merely flotsam on this raging sea; and therefore, in indicting him, Herr Kautsky is merely performing a symbolical act.

But the indictment is sufficiently impressive, though it needs little knowledge to show that it is an *ex parte* case. The more we inquire into the period before the war, the more difficult it becomes justly to apportion blame. But the gist of the revelations which have been made since August, 1914, is that the Allies are left with tolerably clean hands as to the direct causation of the war. It is when we begin to study the actions of Austria and Germany that we begin to revise estimates as to nations and even as to individuals. The comfortable assurance of the Kaiser's guilt is elbowed aside by the need of a place for the conspirator Berchtold. But there are a number of points, which Herr Kautsky reveals, that permit us to attempt a reconstruction.

The crisis of 1914 has to be antedated. When it suddenly fell upon the summer world on July 24, the sowing of dragon's teeth was merely ripening to harvest; and the course of the panic diplomacy of the subsequent week irresistibly throws us back upon the actions at the beginning of the month. The White Book of June, 1919, when Herr Kautsky had been some seven months at his labours, by request of the same German Government, merely obscures the truth. We may reasonably and justly take the so-called "Crown Council" of July 5 as a *terminus a quo* of our inquiry; but this at once raises a momentous issue. On that day the Austrian ambassador Szögyeny breakfasted with the Kaiser at Potsdam, and presented him with a letter from Francis Joseph, brought the previous evening by Count Hoyos. He reported the results of his conversation with the Kaiser to the effect that the latter thought the present a favourable moment for an advance against Serbia, and would regret that it should not be seized. The Kaiser thought that Russia would take up a hostile attitude, but Germany would be found on Austria's side. Later in the same day the Kaiser saw the Chancellor, the Minister of War, and von Zimmermann and von Capelle. Austria, therefore, appears to have raised the question, and the Kaiser gave her *carte blanche* and proceeded "to take preparatory steps for war."

That the Kaiser had given Austria *carte blanche* becomes speedily clear, since, two days later, the Austrian Council of the Ministry for Common Interests began to discuss whether a surprise attack should be made upon Serbia, a form of action which Count Hoyos had ventilated in Berlin. It was not until July 17 that von Jagow began to inquire as to the nature of the bill which Germany had agreed to endorse, and by this time the Ministerial Councilor von Wiesner, dispatched to Serajevo to report on the inquiry into Serbian complicity, had reported that there was "nothing to prove or presume" the Serbian Government as implicated. "Rather there are grounds for considering this entirely out of the question." This

report did not raise so much as a ripple on the composure of the Austrian Government. They had chosen their course. In deference to the scruples of Count Tisza an unprovoked attack was not to be made, but unacceptable demands were to be addressed to Serbia. The only difficulty was the time. The Kaiser was apparently quite serious and literal in stating that the present was the time. The surprise was necessary more for Europe than for Serbia; but here the dilatory Austrian methods interfered. The Note ought to have been presented before President Poincaré left for St. Petersburg, and then it had to be delayed until he left, so that the Tsar and his ministers should not be able to concert action with France. M. Poincaré's movements were followed with the amorous preoccupation of a bridegroom looking for his bride.

At length the Note was presented, and Europe woke from her sleep. Diplomats set to work, and Germany stood to her resolution until the 29th, when the Chancellor began to be anxious. Things were not going well. The attitude of Italy and Rumania was not according to the forecast. Russia looked determined. France turned to her old enemy an inscrutable face. Even England was behaving strangely. But the dragon's teeth had taken root, and nothing could prevent the harvest. Berchtold had already gained the Emperor's signature to a declaration of war on a pretext that was either a trivial or a fictitious report.

During the war it was attempted to rescue Germany from her rôle as the chief *causa causans* by pointing to the Russian general mobilization on August 29. Herr Kautsky brushes all this aside. The report of the Bavarian Embassy in Berlin, on July 18, stated that if Austria mobilized the troops stationed in Galicia, Russia would mobilize "automatically." And on July 30 the German military representative in St. Petersburg telegraphed that the mobilization was "out of anxiety" and "without aggressive intentions." Finally, in the ultimatum to St. Petersburg it was not stated that "mobilization means war." That phrase was only inserted in the Note to France to extort a colourable excuse for declaring war against her. Of course mobilization does not mean war. Not even concentration means that; and it is clear that the Tsar did not understand a German counter-mobilization as meaning war. Herr Kautsky gives the last word to this discussion by disclosing the fact that nine hours after the declaration of war had been dispatched to St. Petersburg the Kaiser telegraphed to the Tsar a message which can only mean that even then war was not inevitable if the Russian troops did not "commit even the slightest violation of our frontiers"; and when M. Sazonov asked Count Pourtalès for an explanation of the contradiction, the ambassador could only suggest that the telegram had been sent the day before. War was inevitable now.

The most impressive thing in Herr Kautsky's book is not the guilt of William Hohenzollern, but his appalling levity. It would be less discouraging in the end to find some evidence of design in Germany's action. The terrible thing is that there was no design. It was sown an irresponsible approval of what seemed a merited punishment. It grew up the monster of a world war. Over all these diplomatic documents the Kaiser scored his comments, and it is interesting to assemble some of his judgments. Italy is the "little thief"; the Slavonic States "a rabble." Serbs are "robbers"; Orientals "sly, false, and masters of evasion." Russians are "no better than barbarians." We are "pharisees," "rascals," "mean and Mephistophelean," "shopkeepers." The King of Italy is "a rascal," Giolitti "an unmitigated scoundrel," Sir E. Grey "a low swindler" and "a low cur." What can one make of a mind like that? Herr Kautsky, honestly seeking a clue with a shallow philosophy, makes very little of the puzzle. Concealment was the demon of this piece.

POETRY IN PUBLIC

TWENTIETH CENTURY RECITER'S TREASURY. Edited by Ernest Guy Pertwee. (Routledge. 6s. net.)
 THE BOY'S OWN RECITER. Revised Edition. Edited by A. L. Haydon. ("Boy's Own Paper" Office. 5s. net.)

THE solemn moment came at last, and the present writer (then aged six) arose. Parents, elders, even contemporaries vouchsafed a terrifying hush. Over the gay assembly, among the Christmas stockings, oranges and other marks of that golden age, "Toll for the Brave" pursued the quavering treble of its way. At least no one laughed, and finally discriminating listeners even applauded. It had been an experiment, but there had been some reward for our labours: not, it is true, that tumult of acclaim which hailed the next aspirant, on the conclusion of her noted dramatic "Spilt Milk": still, a sense of the esteem of the intelligentsia, and of the superiority of William Cowper over the forgotten authoress of the milk tragedy. In the cold light of the next morning, a sense of dilemma intervened. Evidently Cowper was a poet and the lady was not, but why had not the audience observed this truth? Why had there been heard murmurs of admiration at every point in the career of the milk, while the disaster of the "Royal George" had fallen on dissimulating but deaf ears?

The problem has lingered on unsolved, though it has long ceased from troubling. The incantation of poetry proper remains unpopular. An ingenious friend, mouthing out his hollow O's and A's to the midnight streets of a learned city, was even addressed by a policeman on the score of unseemly language; and yet it was only "Atalanta." Had it been, one feels, a ballad of gold, Alaska, the great heart under the greasy jacket and deathbed forgiveness of his friend's yellow streak, the policeman had asked for more.

Mr. Pertwee's anthology is a daring attempt to change the reciter's ground, and to convert the worshippers of yellow idols with green eyes. Some day at the village concerts we shall hear Mr. Squire's "Three Hills"; or the Prelude to the "Ode to the Setting Sun," which Mr. Pertwee here attributes to T. E. Brown; or even Tom Hood's "Ode to the Moon." Faces will gleam with satisfaction at the delicate and the intense: to the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" will be added as an encore. But here, again, the voice of trouble is faintly heard. The next reciters' provider in Mr. Pertwee's volume, after John Keats's, is Rudyard Kipling. The encore, then, would probably be "If—," which we have heard given at concerts as yet unrefined with devastating success, by way of pendant to ballads in which wolves, widows, and Winchesters were apparent. We fear that at the next concert John Keats would no longer be an early choice. What would the pianist do with him, in any case? The pale chords which ushered in "Pennarby Shaft" would seem to be unsuitable. All the more credit to Mr. Pertwee.

While their seniors are mastering these new elements, the boys who desire the rewards of the sociable rostrum have no such problems. Here are no awkward verbal felicities, no subtle emotions, no secessions from type; but the first lines tell the tale—

'Twas in the bleak Crimea, winter of 'fifty-four . . .
 Van Tromp in the chops of the Channel . . .
 No medals blazed on Murphy's breast . . .
 Clackaty clang! the fire-alarm rang . . .
 You see him there by the Life-boat . . .

No family reunion nor juvenile entertainment but would clap loudly at the close of these ballads: indeed, none would be complete without them. But let the elocutionist remember, "Stamping should be used very sparingly, and only in an angry passage; and kneeling is useful in token of submission or prayer." E. B.

A GOLDEN VOICE

THE REIGN OF PATTI. By Herman Klein. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

TRULY Patti's was a voice of gold, in more senses than one, and Mr. Klein does not allow us to forget it:

Mme. Patti, in spite of her fee of \$5,000 a performance "payable in advance," drew sufficiently crowded houses to be his main source of profit.

The twenty-four performances realized no less than £70,000, of which sum Mme. Patti received as her share £38,400, or £1,600 a night.

It was estimated that her share of the total profits exceeded £50,000, four-fifths of which could be reckoned as her profit.

We have but snatched at opulence at random. One cannot avoid gold in this book. We wallow in it on every page. We grow as contemptuous of thousands as Mr. Harry Tate of half-hours when off to Portsmouth in his motor-car. Not only Patti herself, but agents, impresarios, managers, husbands, gather gold by the hatful.

To be serious, what a strange picture it is, of this lady, gifted indeed with beauty, but with no more than many a girl in the chorus; with histrionic talent, but with less than thousands of actresses now forgotten; with an intelligence certainly not above that of the average woman of her time, but a diaphragm that makes the world her slave and her taxpayer! She herself is, at least in the early part of her career, scarce so much a woman as an infinitely precious machine, a wonderful musical-box exploited by Strakosch and the others. She was not allowed to see a press review. One doubts if she were allowed to look at a newspaper. Favourable reviews were read aloud to her by the amiable Strakosch. To tell truth, there were few others, Henry F. Chorley of THE ATHENÆUM being the hardest to please of her critics. Mr. Klein, who has the fine old, rotund journalistic style that is passing away—a marriage is a "nuptial event," Vienna "the gay city on the Danube"—is lavish of superlatives, but no more lavish than were all the reviewers of the Old World and the New. It is almost impossible for those of us who did not hear Patti in the 'seventies to realize what she was and the effect she made upon the world of her day. Wonderful as her voice must have been, she had, as her biographer points out, some good fortune. Jenny Lind, Malibran, Grisi may all have been equally great, but none of them was pre-eminent. They were rival queens, each with her court and subjects. Patti never had a rival near the throne. Tietjens, as a dramatic soprano, did not assail her position, and with all her popularity Christine Nilsson never approached it.

Of her influence on opera much might be written. It was, all unconsciously of course, reactionary. She came with her marvellous organ to resuscitate the old florid Italian style, which, but for her, might have passed earlier to semi-oblivion. But, to do her justice, she herself strove to live with the times. She even sang Wagner on concert platforms, and doubtless would have essayed his operas had she not been afraid of ruining her voice. The younger Italian school came a few years too late for her. Her name is inevitably associated with that of Verdi, even in his early period a giant in tinsel. Her climacteric was about 1875, and yet perhaps her greatest triumph was deferred till 1888. Her voice was as fine as ever, her acting infinitely better than in early days, and she still looked a girl on the stage. She appeared with Jean de Reszke in "Roméo et Juliette" at the Paris Opéra. Paris went mad, and Gounod, who conducted, exclaimed: "This is my ideal Roméo, even as Patti is my ideal Juliette!"

We catch Mr. Klein's enthusiasm as we pass through these great days, mingled always with a real regret. We can never know the full possibilities of beauty in the human voice. We were not born to hear Patti sing, "Ah, fors' è lui."

THE SCIENTIFIC LAWYER

OUTLINES OF HISTORICAL JURISPRUDENCE.—Vol. I.: INTRODUCTION. TRIBAL LAW. By Sir Paul Vinogradoff. (Oxford University Press. 21s. net.)

NO one in this country—it might even be said in Europe—has a better title than Sir Paul Vinogradoff, on the score both of philosophic grasp and of sheer learning, to deal with the subject of jurisprudence according to the historical method. Here we are offered the first instalment of a comprehensive treatise, the end of which, apparently, is not in sight. A second volume on the jurisprudence of the Greek City is definitely promised. Further developments, however, cannot yet be foreseen in detail. It may be expected, then, that a construction planned on such a scale should be provided with foundations of a correspondingly ample kind.

Thus, almost half of the present book consists of an introduction. This deals with the scope and method of historical jurisprudence considered as a special branch of science. It is pointed out that jurisprudence, like medicine, is essentially a form of applied science. In this capacity it has the right to borrow whatever material may seem relevant to its purpose from any and every one of those theoretical disciplines which study things as they are rather than as they may be utilized. From among such branches of special knowledge Professor Vinogradoff selects three as especially enlightening to the jurist, namely, logic, psychology and social science. He adds a fourth section on the relations of law to political theory, which so far as it is distinguishable from social science must rank rather among doctrines of the applied or normative class. Further, an illuminating sketch is given of the systems of thought to which European jurisprudence has successively looked for inspiration. Of these the evolutionary school holds the field to-day; unless, indeed, we recognize the dawn of a fresh era in the effort nowadays being made on all sides to apply the principle of development critically rather than in the dogmatic spirit of nineteenth-century naturalism.

It is impossible here to do justice to the contents of this introductory section, which, in itself, might fitly provide the subject of a long review. Suffice it to say that it shows clearly how the study of law may amount to a liberal education. Those practising lawyers who, as Leslie Stephen puts it, consider all theory of law with "serene indifference," Professor Vinogradoff is prepared to leave to their own devices. But the outlook of the professional journeyman is not likely to be that of the majority of those who administer, still less of those who make, the laws of a civilized country. The present epoch of experimental legislation needs lawyers and lawgivers of wide views, and such as are ready to profit by the accumulated science of the ages. That science takes two main forms, corresponding to the fact that law, like every other kind of social activity, is conditioned partly by the human will and partly by the circumstances of life—circumstances which we can modify, if at all, only by attending to the natural laws that govern their occurrence. But, whereas judgments of value and judgments of fact tend to fall into disconnected systems, to combine them fruitfully is the supreme intellectual ideal of man. Professor Vinogradoff, then, has tried, and tried successfully, to demonstrate how the standpoint of the lawyer can be made to approximate to that of the truly wise and useful man—the philosophizing, as Plato would say. No one need be afraid of taking himself or his vocation too seriously. So even the most tough-minded man of law may be grateful to Professor Vinogradoff for magnifying the function of jurisprudence as a focal point of the humane sciences.

The rest of the volume discusses, under the general head of tribal law, first the elements of the family, then the

origins of Aryan culture, and lastly, the organization of clan and tribe, with the resulting forms of land tenure. So immense a field of inquiry is covered by the actual treatment that it might well seem that there is nothing to be added to this account of early law. Nor, indeed, is it likely that Professor Vinogradoff, in the course of his researches, has overlooked any source of possible evidence. If, then, he has dealt with law of the altogether rudimentary or savage type from one side only, namely, in its relation to marriage custom, it is doubtless because he deemed the rest of what may be termed the anthropology of law to have little direct bearing on the origins of the law of Europe. For the widest purposes of comparative jurisprudence, however, more notice would have to be taken of the criminal law of savages—as outlined, for instance, in the well-known work of Steinmetz, to which Professor Vinogradoff makes a laudatory reference. Or, again, a law of property as well as a law of persons is involved in the rules governing status, which result from the primitive way of defining relationships by wholesale grouping. This aspect of the matter is hardly touched on in the chapters dealing with the primeval family. It is true that among the lower hunters women, with their offspring, form the most important kind of property; so that the prevailing mode of sexual appropriation, such as at this stage is the equivalent of marriage—for Professor Vinogradoff is chary of according it this honourable name—affords a key to the whole system of social sanctions. But between the institutions of the most backward types of hunters and gatherers and those of the European as he appears at the dawn of recorded history, there are many intermediate stages of economic development, at which possessions are becoming manifold and their use is regulated by correspondingly complex prescriptions. Indeed, as Professor Vinogradoff himself clearly sees, though he does not attempt to work the matter out, it is the system of property-holding that, by reaction, largely determines the evolution of the family; mother-right is in one aspect the poor man's marriage and father-right the rich man's, as comes out very clearly when the two systems exist in juxtaposition, as, for example, in the Indonesian area. Finally, the anthropological chapters might have been enriched with a chapter on primitive procedure, with its curious preference for manual as contrasted with oral forms; seeing that what Bentham would call adjective law is no less interesting than substantive law to the student of historical jurisprudence.

If, however, in the spirit of *Oliver Twist*, one ventures to "ask for more," this is not to be held to imply that Professor Vinogradoff has in any way failed to cope with a task as great as any man dare set himself. It simply means that the ultimate reach of the subject is bound to exceed the single grasp of even the most industrious and learned scholar. In this country, which can boast so rich an anthropological literature, comprising not only an unrivalled body of first-hand observations, but also much brilliant work on theoretical and speculative lines, the subject of the origins of law has been on the whole neglected; and that though some of the great pioneers of British anthropology, McLennan, for example, were not without a legal training. It remains, then, for the disciples of Sir Paul Vinogradoff, who are many, to follow his clearly-marked trail into the wilderness, and by patient road-making to convert it into a broad avenue through which "many will pass, and Science will be increased."

R. R. M.

A PUBLIC lecture on "The Constitution of the United States" will be given by the American Ambassador, Mr. John W. Davis, at University College on Monday next at 5.30 p.m. Admission will be by ticket, for which application should be made to the Secretary of University College, Gower Street, W.C.

NEW EVIDENCE FOR SPIRITUALISM

THE EARTHEN VESSEL. By Pamela Glenconner. (Lane. 6s. net.)

ON the cover wrapper of this volume Sir Edward Marshall-Hall says: "To a lawyer this book presents the best case for spirit-communication I have yet seen." The acceptance of this statement need not imply, of course, that one considers the case to be a strong one. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his Prefatory Note, puts the matter more directly: "The facts are reputably reported, and are worthy of critical examination; though critics will be wise not to make up their minds hastily, but to wait for the promised detailed and cautious report."

The book contains a number of Book-Tests, a new development in spiritualistic evidence. The nature of a book-test may be best seen from an example:

This is a message for Bim's Father. It is not in the room Bim generally takes his Book-Tests from. This is in his Father's room, third shelf from the bottom in the further corner of the room; take out the ninth book counting from left to right, and look on page 65. About half-way down the page, as near as he can rightly judge, you will find the message.

Mrs. Leonard, the famous medium, is speaking. She speaks under the "control" of Fedra, a spirit very closely associated with Mrs. Leonard, and Fedra is controlling the medium on behalf of "Bim," Lady Glenconner's soldier son, Edward Wyndham Tennant, who was killed in the war. When, in obedience to such messages as the above, the indicated book passage is found, it turns out to be more or less appropriate, sometimes specially appropriate, to members of Bim's family. We may say at once that, although some of the tests appear weak, in the sense that the indicated passages admit of too general an application, yet the cumulative effect of all the tests here reported rules out an explanation by coincidence. The reader may easily convince himself of this by choosing amongst his own books at random, and noting how many passages he thus obtains which seem peculiarly appropriate (as appropriate as some of the best tests here recorded) to past or present events in his own life. It becomes obvious that, to the hostile critic, the whole question turns on the *bona fides* of the medium. If it is indeed true that the medium had no access, direct or indirect, to the books indicated, then a super-normal explanation may be considered. The detailed report of these tests will, it is to be hoped, show exactly what degree of improbability is involved in the hostile assumption. Messages showing knowledge of recent changes in the furniture of a room that the medium had not visited for eighteen months must, on the hostile assumption, point to collusion. Any of the servants in the house, for instance, would be in a position to note such changes. If this, the extreme hostile position, is shown to be untenable, then, as Sir Oliver suggests, a variety of hypotheses may be found to account for the facts. We commend Lady Glenconner's account of this new development to those interested in the subject; it is agreeably written, and she has reported failures as well as successes.

THE Chelsea Book Club has published an interesting Anglo-French "Keepsake for the Year 1921," edited by MM. Marcel Boulestin and J. E. Laboureur. It is a sumptuous, excellently printed volume, with some beautiful illustrations, notably an etching by de Segonzac and a remarkable woodcut by Galanis. The literary contributors include Edmund Blunden, Jean Giraudoux, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, J. M. Murry, André Salmon, Osbert Sitwell and the late P. J. Toulet. The price of the volume is, we believe, from 15s. upwards according to the quality of the paper. It is a volume for the amateur and book-collector rather than the general reader.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

"THE BLACK BLANKET," by Maxwell Laurie (Werner Laurie, 8s. 6d. net), is in every way much above the average. The author has ideals, but does not often make them an excuse for becoming didactic, or even one-sided. Thus he has strong views on the negro problem, yet has deliberately elected to describe the best rather than the worst aspect of plantation life in the Southern States, during the years immediately preceding "the War." It makes a charming picture, but we have to remind ourselves that this cannot, in the nature of things, be drawn from first-hand knowledge, or even inherited tradition; whereas the powerful studies of the coloured population in a West Indian port suggest personal experience. The narrative is well-constructed, and nearly all the characters, who vary much in hue as in other respects, have remarkable vigour and individuality.

The motif of "Love's Side-Street," by "Pan" (Odhams, 8s. 6d. net), is an attack on the marriage laws, yet it cannot be described as a novel with a purpose, the author, like his characters, being concerned not at all with the general problem, but solely with the hard case of one couple. The lovers in question are a stepfather and stepdaughter, but there is this mitigating circumstance, that the man and the girl's mother are only nominally married. The situation, we think, is not quite so new as the publisher claims, having been already employed in "Uncle Hilary" by Olivia Shakespear. Neither is the solution conspicuously "delicate and adroit," as the pair simply resort to the obvious expedient of seeking a new environment. The story is interesting, but spoiled by a leaven of flippant vulgarity.

"The Land of Wonders," by Padraic O'Conaire, translated by Eamonn O'Neill (Dublin, Talbot Press; London, Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net), is a product of the movement known as the Celtic Renaissance. It was written originally in Irish, and the occurrences it professes to record date from the middle of the nineteenth century. They take place partly at sea, and partly in what may justly be termed a land of wonders, the principal actors being a young brother and sister, cast adrift by mutinous sailors. The author's imagination has run riot—on the whole, with a pleasing effect—over the history of their adventures, wherein kind lions and other "dumb friends" sustain an important part. This fairy-tale atmosphere is agreeably diversified by an unexpected Christian touch in the behaviour of the little girl, who, finding one of her would-be murderers at the point of death, not only tends and feeds him, but hears his last confession and gives him lay baptism.

The formation of a character through a given set of circumstances is the idea underlying "Masquerade" (Bale, 6s. net), and Mr. Harold Weston has developed it with some distinction. The hero, having received his early training from a materialistic and dissolute father, is swept into the vortex of the war, and returning home on leave falls under the influence, first of the mother whom he has not seen since infancy (the blameless victim of an undefended divorce suit), and secondly of a technically virtuous actress, whose appeal is to his lower rather than his higher nature. His relations with her end unhappily, but a worthier love replaces her, and through the terrible ordeal of physical mutilation he fights his way to clear vision and a stable purpose. The hospital scenes have much vividness.

The Ruritania novel is still a fairly common object of the publisher's list, but "The Sword of O'Malley," by Justin Mitchell (Dublin, Talbot Press; London, Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), has this comparatively original feature that its particular Ruritania is of the eighteenth century. O'Malley, before offering his services to King Sebastian of Rhonstadt, has figured in the Irish Brigade under Lally de Tolendal. In contending with his new master's enemies, and endeavouring to arrange a suitable alliance for the heir apparent, he achieves exploits worthy to be ascribed to the lamented Baron Munchausen. Strictly in keeping is the habitual braggadocio of his conversation, and the mania for extolling his compatriots (notoriously superior to either Englishmen or Scotchmen in matrimonial prudence) as *par excellence* the Great Lovers. His own romance, we may observe, has the result of transforming him from a soldier of fortune into the King Consort of Caronia. The book is a very ordinary specimen of its class.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By Charles Sanford Terry. (Cambridge University Press. 20s.)—Dr. Terry explains in his preface the aim and plan of his new work: it is to fill a gap between the several-volumed histories of Scotland such as that of the late Professor Hume Brown and the mere school textbook. It is no small achievement to have compressed into one volume of 650 pages a readable account of the history of Scotland from the Roman evacuation to the Disruption of 1843; and Dr. Terry has succeeded in his task. He warns his readers in advance that the scope of the work "forbids the documenting of statements or minuting of authorities." A reader who had no previous knowledge of Scots history would inevitably derive a somewhat sketchy impression of the leading events, if he were entirely dependent on Dr. Terry's narrative; and sometimes the learned writer seems rather to take for granted that the reader needs merely to be reminded of the salient facts. For example, the rising of 1745-6 is treated in six pages; all that we hear about Prestonpans is: "Four days later (September 21), advancing on Edinburgh from Dunbar, where he disembarked, Cope at length saw his enemy near Prestonpans. Within fifteen minutes his force was scattered to the winds. 'Ye Army,' Charles wrote to his father, 'had a fine plunder.'" Commendably brief! But Culloden gets only two lines: "On April 16 at Culloden Jacobitism fought its last fight. The clans charged heroically but without avail." That is all very well if one comes to the narrative with all the usual knowledge as to the "1745"; but if one did not, the resultant impression would be a little vague. Dr. Terry has written with remarkable balance, impartiality and sympathy, qualities which have not always characterized his predecessors. The book contains eight useful and well-selected maps; and another valuable and original feature is a series of thirty-two Pedigree Tables which claim to "afford a complete genealogy of the Royal House."

STUDIES IN DREAMS. By Mary Arnold-Forster. With a Foreword by Dr. Morton Prince. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)—An interesting record of a number of experiments in dreaming carried out by the authoress. By concentrating her conscious will she discovered that she was able to rid herself of bad dreams, and, what is more remarkable, to induce almost at will pleasant ones. Dr. Prince, in his appreciative Foreword, tells us that this is not at all rare; and the deduction to be drawn from it is that we exercise more conscious control in our dream-states than the psycho-analysts are willing to admit. The unconscious, in other words, does not speak with such unmistakable clearness in dreams as they think. Mrs. Arnold-Forster has rendered a service to psychology in emphasizing the value and the power of consciousness. The dreams which she relates, and her experiences generally, are interesting in themselves, and they are presented clearly and with restraint.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTICISM. By Edward Ingram Watkin. (Grant Richards. 21s. net.)—This is a methodical study of the nature of the mystical experience and the metaphysical implications of that experience, based on the writings of the great Spanish mystic, St. John of the Cross. The author rightly insists that mysticism, if it is to be of any value, presupposes a dogmatic Creed as its basis, though it may be questioned whether he does not go beyond his province in attempting to prove that certain common theological beliefs are a necessary part of the Christian revelation. His style is unfortunately obscure, but the author shows great knowledge of the subject, and the most praiseworthy freedom of outlook in his treatment of it.

SPORT IN PEACE AND WAR. By Anthony Buxton. (Humphreys. 6s. net.)—The greater number and the most interesting of the chapters of this little book deal with the author's sporting adventures during the war. Major Buxton is a cavalryman, and had the luck to enjoy considerable periods of rest and training in civilized surroundings. He had excellent trout-fishing, partridge-shooting from time to time—the gun being carried in public with the barrel down the leg of the trousers and the stock under the arm, as some others of us learned to do—and very exciting pig-sticking with swords round Hesdin. Pig-stickers were welcomed there, the boars having increased in numbers and become serious pests. The farmers' theory was that they had been driven down from Belgium by the German advance of 1914. The cavalry did not have quite all the fun. The present writer shot a few duck and several bald coots within a couple of hundred yards of German posts in the swamps of the Ancre valley, in days before the Somme offensive had spoiled its beauty; and once hit a partridge in "No Man's Land," which was retrieved after dusk and eaten.

But Major Buxton is more than a killer. Those interested in bird-life will read with pleasure his chapter on "Birds on the Western Front," which shows wide knowledge and keen observation. One curious fact that he records is that a blackcap, nesting in the ramparts of Ypres at a time of heavy bombardment, laid three white eggs.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER. By J. Alfred Sharp. (Epworth Press. 6s. net.)—This little biography will be considered competent and interesting by those who are satisfied with the record of a man's actions minus psychology. Mr. Sharp conjures up a queer kind of Africa, filled with lions, missionaries and Bowdlerized natives. But we still sigh for the ideal biographer of Livingstone: Stevenson was the man who could best have conceived that brave, magnanimous and charming nature, with his mixture—very like Stevenson's own—of Scotch Presbyterianism and almost French gallantry, and with a humanity which made Victorianism itself gracious. His lonely death at Ilala had something of the charm of his voluntary actions; he died in prayer and alone, for his servants found him kneeling, "his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow." Mr. Sharp has made him too pious, too much a missionary, whereas he was really a teacher dealing with savages instead of children.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY: I. DEVELOPMENT IN THE FIRST FOUR YEARS. By Vilhelm Rasmussen. (Gyldendal. 3s. 6d. net.)—We are grateful to M. Rasmussen for this book (uncommonly cheap for these days), in spite of the fact that it falls between two purposes. For the professional reader much of the description is unnecessarily laboured, while for the lay mind (and we are assured in Professor Hoffding's preface that it is mainly for parents and ordinary observers) the connection between the observations made and the psychological or physiological laws under which they are grouped is not always adequately brought out. The danger of employing the inductive method is that too often the reader is expected to make his own deduction. The lay mind is seldom able to do this, at least with any accuracy, and especially futile are the deductions of the average parent, who is overweeningly self-satisfied about his relation to his offspring. But where the general principles are clearly developed the book is of absorbing interest; and it will perform a most useful service if it persuades a few parents that their dogmatism is often harmful ignorance. Unfortunate as it may appear, instinct is not by itself a satisfactory guide.

MARGINALIA

It is not often that an intense, a lyrical emotion inspires the composition of these literary notes. They are usually the product of tranquil reflections suggested by books or the curious little facts of life as it is, has been or is likely to be lived. But to-day it is different. I have been staying in Paris, and—we have it on the authority of "The Sentimental Journey"—they order these things better in France. To-day I can say with Donne that these notes were "begotten by despair upon impossibility." For the subject of them occurred to me one night as I was crossing the Place de l'Etoile, from the Avenue Niel to the Champs Elysées; occurred to me in the midst of a paroxysm of acute terror that petrified me, abject and trembling, half way across that interminable no man's land, while the six thousand taxis of Paris rattled and hooted, bumped and skidded and swerved about me on every hand. It was a moment when one envied the repose of the *Soldat Inconnu*; he was relatively safe under the arch. And the heart of Gambetta, too—that knew no qualms. But here in the open, half way between Wagram and the Elysian Fields, here was the appalling fear of death; and borne in on the wings of that fear came a subject for a page of literary notes.

Standing there among the taxis, I made the mental constataion that this sort of thing could only happen in Paris. Nowhere in London should I find myself standing in this miserable predicament, with imminent perdition roaring all around me. In our immense and kindly city of London there are no wide avenues, no carefully designed meeting-places of roads. If roads do happen to meet they impinge in a casual and unpretentious fashion. Wide places do not exist. Even the most timid and the most myopic can walk at night in London with comparative security, assured that they will have to cross no street that is more than twenty yards wide. But in Paris what horrors confront them! The Etoile, the Concorde present enormous acreages of peril. Every boulevard is a Jordan, wide, dark and dangerous, separating one from the promised land of its further pavement. These nightly perils, I reflected, are the price Paris has to pay for its spacious and symmetrical beauty. The shapelessness of London is compensated for by the security one feels in its streets.

The Paris of to-day is a spectacular city built for great striking effects. It is a city designed for the celebration of triumphs. Long vistas lead the eye away and away, and awake in the mind desires for the distant, the difficult to achieve. Great buildings and monuments stand in wide open spaces, where their beauties can be immediately appreciated. Grandeur answers to grandeur, beckoning symmetrically. How different it is from London, where everything conceals itself, where no statement is made without reservations! St. Paul's has scarcely space to breathe; the new Westminster Cathedral is totally suffocated, and nobody has any idea what it looks like from outside. A railway runs practically through Southwark Cathedral. Almost all our principal streets are narrow and tortuous, and have the further merit of leading nowhere in particular. Most of our open spaces, such as Hyde Park Corner, are without any point; and where, as in the case of Trafalgar Square, they are meant to be impressive and glorious, obscure, incongruous buildings are allowed to ruin the whole effect. It must not be thought that I am complaining of London. Far from it. Paris is excellent for a change and as a stimulant. But for continued inhabitation give me London. Who would live in a theatre or monumental palace when he might live in an unpretentious house? In Paris, too, the passion for the

spectacular has sometimes carried the designers of the city beyond the bounds of common sense. No one but a monomaniac for vistas could have conceived the plan of making the Gothic-cum-Rococo-Oriental Trocadero peep through the straddling legs of the Eiffel Tower, down the whole length of the Champ de Mars, at the stately eighteenth-century Ecole Militaire. The effect is indescribably buffoonish.

An attempt has been made of recent years to make London grandiose and spectacular after the manner of Paris. The efforts have not been crowned with success. No street in London is more depressing, none more profoundly alien than Kingsway, planned and executed entirely on the spectacular model of Paris. The English temperament does not hold with glory and theatricality and large gestures. It has needed a tremendous amount of propaganda to make anyone in these islands take the smallest interest in the Empire. The ordinary Englishman finds it prodigiously difficult to feel glorious about the immense concern. It is only dons and journalists and politicians who have any feeling about it. Perhaps if modern London had been, or could have been, built as a spectacular city like Paris the English would have had a better idea of their gloriousness. But the climate was against us. Glory is naturally compatible only with fine weather and clear air.

Not many theorists will venture to go so far as the philosopher who held that the peculiar religious beliefs and emotions of the Scotch were due to the great number of thunderstorms by which the city of Edinburgh is visited. Past, too, are the days when one could talk with Madame de Staël's dogmatic certitude about the inevitable relationship between Germany, *les brumes du nord*, Ossian, mysticism, romance and Christianity. More cautious, we will only suggest that climatic conditions undoubtedly react on certain of the ideas of man, predisposing his mind in different ways. The idea of glory, spectacular, theatrical, triumphant, bumptious glory, is a notion, as we have suggested, that is associated with better climates than our own. To be anything, glory must express itself by outward and visible symbols, by pageants and triumphs and spectacles, by great monuments and the like. Great pageants and spectacular architectural effects are impossible in London, for the good reason that the rain always takes the curl out of the triumphs, and mist prevents the great architectural effects from ever being seen. In the bright, vapourless air of Paris the long vistas always remain open to the eye, the great monuments are always visible. There are not many days in the year when the Arc de Triomphe cannot be seen from the roof of the Louvre. But in this climate vistas fade into haze at two hundred yards, and the days when one can see St. Paul's from Parliament Hill are few and far between. An English Napoleon who wanted to make London seem the fittingly glorious centre of a vast empire would be utterly frustrated by the atmosphere. What would be, in another country, a fine spectacular effect of architecture becomes here something totally different. The long vistas at Hampton Court do not amaze and stimulate the mind. Faintly fogged, receding into vaporous nothingness, they serve only to remind us of the vanity of human wishes and the transience of life. There is no glory about Hampton Court; there is only a profound and beautiful melancholy. It may be, of course, if London is completely rebuilt in the style of Kingsway, if the increasing use of gas fires reduces the frequency and density of fogs—it may be that the British people will at last begin to believe in glory, or at least to talk about it as the French have done for so long.

AUTOLYCUS.

LITERARY GOSSIP

AMONG "monumental works" and "triumphs of publishing" should be included the three large red volumes—there are nearly four thousand pages—which constitute Kelly's "Post Office London Directory" for 1921. Be it noted, too, that for nearly a century and a quarter the publishers of this beneficial work have succeeded in producing it at least a week before the New Year; that for the present edition 250,000 corrections have been made; and finally that the editors during September, October, and the early part of November receive a thousand letters every day.

The compilation of year-books of all kinds is a source of constant wonder. The incentive would seem but small, the achievement, however useful, but cold comfort for the immense labour. Mankind's ingratitude is shown, we think, at its worst by those mutilations of directories—pages removed by those too lazy to copy an address or two—which sometimes necessitate warning notices in the public libraries. The removal of engravings from rare volumes of *virtu* seems to us by comparison a light offence.

Other reference books are before us—the Calendars of the Universities, London, Leeds, and Liverpool; the R.I.B.A. Kalender; the "Catholic Directory," and the "Catholic Who's Who." Epithets and superlatives are useless to describe the usefulness of these works; we would however wish, where there are public copies, "Let no rude hand deface them." This wish, we perceive, is only valid until December 31, 1921.

A correspondent sends some notes on the curious *Tickler Magazine*, which survived from 1818 to 1824, though with what circulation there is no knowing. It consists of poetry and prose pirated, or perhaps borrowed by permission, from the *Examiner* and one or two other sources, and in this way includes reprints of Keats' sonnet on the "Grasshopper and Cricket," together with Hunt's; Keats' "After dark vapours have oppress'd our plains"; Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty"; and such poems by Lamb as his sonnet to Miss Kelly on her performance in the "Blind Boy," or his "long epigram," "Dick Strype." The version of this last poem varies considerably from that given in the Oxford "Lamb."

Among the prose contributions is much bearing the image of Hunt, besides some extracts which suggest Lamb. For instance, one remembers the occasion of Lamb's, and Hone's, resolution to have done with snuff. This was on Hampstead Heath; and snuff-boxes were at once thrown away. Early next morning the figures of Lamb and Hone approached each other in the mist. Both were looking for their snuff-boxes. Now, though Lamb's "Works" include no essay on snuff, yet it is reasonable to think that such a favourite topic may have moved him to write one; and those fragments on the subject given in the *Tickler* may well be his.

The revival of interest in Anthony Trollope among English readers is evidently not without its repercussions in France. The *Figaro*, of which M. de Régner is now literary editor, announces the publication *en feuilleton* of a translation of "Dancing Shoes."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MESSRS. SOTHEY'S sale of the 31st inst. and following days consists of the second and final portion of the Britwell early English books on theology, etc. The title does not seem very alluring to present-day collectors, but many of the books are of very great value as belonging to the class of prohibited books. A good history of this class has not yet been written, but, in English at least, they are nearly all religious for the first century of prohibition. The earliest prohibited book was, of course, the famous Cologne New Testament of 1525, of which only a few leaves survive, as it was never completed. Tyndale and his associate Roye were forced to flee, Tyndale going to Worms and Roye to Strasburg, where he printed two books before he was again forced to escape. The second of these, "The Dialogue of the Father and the Son," 1526, was believed to have been completely destroyed except for a copy in Vienna, as the whole edition was sent to England by the Bishops' agents; but some years

ago Mr. Steele showed that in Edward VI.'s time the sheets had been discovered in London and reissued by Walter Lynne in 1550 under the title of "The True Belief in Christ," a copy of which is in this sale as lot 498.

The great centre of printing for prohibited books from this time on was Antwerp, the *entrepot* for English trade with the Continent. A printer, Endhoven, almost immediately began to reprint Tyndale's New Testament, and his widow continued to issue Reformation tracts, one of which, the "Summe of Scripture" (lot 481), is the only other copy known of the edition of 1528 in the British Museum. It serves also to date one of Frith's tracts, catalogued under the name of Hamilton (lot 243), an edition of 1529, together with the Pomerane tract in the sale of the 18th inst. Tyndale himself found a young printer, John Hochstraten, son of Michael Hillenius, who was already engaged in unlicensed printing, and issued from Antwerp the famous series of Marburg books from 1528 to 1531. In 1531 the printer left Antwerp, going first to Lübeck and afterwards to Malmö, and Tyndale's printing was for a time done by Martin Keyser, an old-established house with English connections. Among these are lot 25, with a Strasburg imprint (1531), and lot 204, a hitherto untraced work by Frith. In 1533 Tyndale's printing was done by the Widow Endhoven. We have three different editions of "The Supper of the Lorde," all printed in that year from the same type, and a fourth with the imprint of Nornburg, also from her types.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE appalling condition of Ireland was a grim and sorrowful element in the social background to the intellectual stirring which in these islands was distinctive of the years 1820-21. The results of centuries of ignorance, prejudice and misrule were everywhere manifest in the sister isle. A contributor to the sixty-eighth number of the *Edinburgh Review* epitomized the state of Ireland in a weighty article, from which the following is an extract:

So great, and so long has been the misgovernment of that country, that we verily believe the empire would be much stronger, if everything was open sea between England and the Atlantic. . . . Such jobbing, such profligacy—so much direct tyranny and oppression—such an abuse of God's gifts—such a profanation of God's name for the purposes of bigotry and party spirit, cannot be exceeded in the history of civilized Europe. . . .

The wretched social conditions, and the then existing disabilities of the mass of the Irish people, are recounted at length in the article; and the picture is most grievous. But it is noticeable that, by implication, the writer partly blames the Irish temperament:

[The Irishman] is brave, witty, generous, eloquent, hospitable, and open-hearted; but he is vain, ostentatious, extravagant, and fond of display—light in counsel—deficient in perseverance—without skill in private or public economy—an enjoyer, not an acquirer—one who despises the slow and patient virtues—who wants the superstructure without the foundation—the result without the previous operation—the oak without the acorn and the three hundred years of expectation. The Irish are irascible, prone to debt, and to fight, and very impatient of the restraints of law. . . . Such then is Ireland at this period—a land more barbarous than the rest of Europe, because it has been worse treated and more cruelly oppressed.

Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" is the subject of an article in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1821, the writer of which considers that among the authors who, in fiction, present "a clear and abstracted view" of general rules—"the probable, instead of the true," "there is no one superior, if equal, to the lady whose last production is now before us."

An article in the same number of the *Quarterly* relates to Thomas Hope's picaresque romance, "Anastasis, or the Memoirs of a Greek"—"an extraordinary work in every sense of the word."

Another paper in the January *Quarterly*, and a review in the *Literary Chronicle* dated January 6, 1821, deal with a book by Friedrich Christian Accum, "A Treatise on Adulterations of Food and Culinary Poisons"—a quasi-scientific and alarmist production, which is only worth mentioning here because of what the *Quarterly* reviewer calls "the terrific emblems which [the author] has placed in full display. . . ." The device on the title-page of the second edition, and the associated text, "There is death in the pot," were certainly calculated to startle readers.

Science

THE REGULATION OF SEX

NOTHING could better illustrate the vast strides which biological research is making than the change which in the last twenty years has come over our conceptions of the problem of sex. Before the year 1900 it was scarcely possible to say more than that the female sex was on the whole more anabolic, the male on the whole more catabolic—by which was simply meant that the female tended to possess a type of chemical working which led to the accumulation of tissue, as opposed to a more rapid breaking-down of the basis of life in the male. Such generalizations, while important enough as broad guiding principles, are of no value in that detailed analysis which must be the aim of science.

The rediscovery of Mendel's work soon made clear to us why sexual reproduction was so fundamental for life. We learned that the germ-plasm, which makes us what we are, and alone is transmitted from generation to generation, consists of units, and that inheritable variation depends upon mutations—in other words, upon discrete changes of definite amount, not necessarily large, but in essence discontinuous. That being so, we were faced with this problem: what method is life to adopt for bringing together favourable variations which have originated in different strains of a single species? The answer is clear: sexual reproduction, which is essentially a fusion of germ-plasms, followed by a re-shuffling of their component units, is the only method for assuring this result, and so the only method permitting of rapid evolutionary change if rapid evolutionary change be needed.

Next came the discovery that sex itself was inherited in the same sort of way as ordinary Mendelian factors. Extended microscopical work co-operated with the results of genetic experiment to show that a special modification of the Mendelian mechanism—in modern terms, of the chromosome apparatus—existed in practically every type of higher animal and plant to ensure that the sexes should arise in roughly equal numbers in each successive generation. The chromosomes exist usually in duplicate, as a set of similar pairs of which one member is derived from the mother, the other from the father. One pair of chromosomes, however, is different in the two sexes. In the one, it consists of similar members; but in the other, of dissimilar. This dissimilarity may not be microscopically visible, but only deduced from breeding experiments, or one member may be smaller than or unlike the other; or finally, one may be entirely absent. The result is in all cases similar. The reproductive cells of the one sex are all alike as regards this chromosome, which is usually denoted as X; but the reproductive cells of the other sex are unlike, half containing X, the other half nothing, or a different something that we may call Y. Fertilization gives therefore two types of germs, the one XX, the other XY; and so the cycle starts again. In some groups, as in mammals (including man himself), the female is the XX sex, while in birds and moths the female is XY. Let us consider the former case. At first it was not unnaturally considered that a factor for femaleness was carried in the X chromosome, a factor for maleness in the Y. Later work, however, has disproved this, at least for that insignificant fly *Drosophila*, which will go down in history because of the vast amount of genetic results which have been extracted from its corpus vile. Here (and presumably in many other types of animal life as well) we now know that the Y chromosome exerts no effect on sex. The difference between male and female is effected by a purely quantitative mechanism—one dose of X or of something in it gives a male, two doses a female. The mechanism involved must be regarded as of the nature of a switch, one X "turning

on" a chain of chemical processes leading to an internal environment in which male characters can unfold, and vice versa.

For meanwhile other work had been going on which had made it certain that either sex carried within it, *in posse*, all the characteristics of the other. In the first place, there were the results of crossing species. The male offspring of a hen golden pheasant crossed with a male of another species will show many of the characters of the male golden pheasant; they never appeared in the mother, but the factors for them must have been present in her germ-plasm. Then there have been the very remarkable transplantation experiments of Steinach and of Sand. When the reproductive organs are removed from a mammal in infancy, marked physical changes occur. The animal grows up in a form intermediate between that of one sex and that of the other; it is neither male, nor female, nor hermaphrodite; it is asexual, neuter. But if, after its own reproductive organs have been removed, those of the other sex are grafted into it from another animal, it grows up in the form of the opposite sex. If an ovary be grafted into a castrated male, the creature grows up a typical female, not merely in appearance, but also in instincts and behaviour; and conversely with the converse operation. In mammals, and also in other groups, the action of the XX and XY chromosome-complexes is apparently to produce individuals with female and male reproductive organs respectively. Once these are formed, however, they take over the regulation of the other sexual characters. This they do by means of an internal secretion produced by a special portion of their substance, the interstitial tissue. The chromosomes turn on the reproductive organs, and the reproductive organs then turn on the remainder of the characters that differentiate the sexes.

In insects, however, this is not so. Here the chromosomes do everything. They switch on the proper reproductive organ, but they also switch on the other sexual characters. Neither castration, nor castration followed by grafting of the reproductive organ of the opposite sex, has any effect whatever on the other special characters of male or female. It follows therefore that while a mammal, once its reproductive organs are developed, must be either male or female, no such limitation is necessary in an insect. And as a matter of fact, the most extraordinary blends of the two sexes are to be found in this group. In the first place, the chromosomes sometimes fail to be distributed properly at the first division of the fertilized egg. If the chromosomes in question are those concerned with sex, we shall get an organism which is female in one half of its body, male in the other, with a sharp line of demarcation between the halves; or if the abnormal division took place later, we may find a quarter-animal of one sex making up a whole with three-quarters of the other sex.

These spatial sex-mosaics—or gynandromorphs, as they are called—are interesting enough; but a still more interesting type of abnormality, the intersex, has been recently investigated; and what is more, in some animals such intersexes can be produced at will. When related species of moths are crossed, the offspring are sometimes all males; in other cases, half are males, the rest are intermediate between male and female. More recently the question has been very thoroughly studied in crosses between different geographical races of the well-known Gipsy-moth. It has been found that the various races can be arranged in a graded series, according to the strength of the sex-controlling factors in their chromosomes. By proper crosses, every gradation can be obtained between normal individuals, through intersexes exhibiting the characters of both sexes in various proportions, up to individuals of the other sex. Further, it has been shown that these intersexes differ fundamentally from the

gynandromorphs we have just been discussing. Those were sex-mosaics in space; these are sex-mosaics in time. In other words, an intersex starts its development as an individual of one sex, and at a certain point of its career is switched over to continue as a member of the other sex. In this way we may get both male and female intersexes of all degrees of intensity. The final degree is found when complete reversal has taken place. This is exemplified in crosses from which only male moths result. Half the males have the constitution of females, but a lack of balance between the two different types of sex-factor and the rest of the constitution of the species has led to their transformation.

It will be clear that intersexes can only be produced in types like insects in which the reproductive organs do not control the rest of the sexual characters. But even where the bulk of the sexual characters are so controlled, we may suppose that the same type of causes which lead in insects to the production of intersexes are still at work. A mild degree of intersexuality would thus in mammals be represented by a female with tendencies to maleness; and a pronounced degree by a male who was really a female by constitution, and presumably would keep many tendencies to femaleness.

The importance of such facts for a correct judgment of many abnormalities of sexual behaviour in man is obvious. It is impossible to continue framing our laws and our penalties in the same way if we find out that what we thought was the deepest moral obliquity is in reality a congenital misfortune.

In the present state of our knowledge, however, the definitive answer to such problems cannot yet be given. It is already a great step forward to know that sex is normally controlled by a particular biological mechanism, and that this mechanism can be upset by other agencies. It means that such a project as that of transforming all the individuals destined to be of one sex into individuals of the other, which twenty years ago would have been rightly dismissed as the wildest fantasy, now looms up not only as practical politics, but as one of the immediate tasks of science. Let us at least pray that when we have made the discovery we shall know what to do with it!

J. S. H.

SOCIETIES

ARISTOTELIAN—Jan. 3.—Dean W. R. Inge, President, in the chair.—Mr. C. A. Richardson read a paper on "The New Materialism." The new materialism takes the form of a denial of anything corresponding to the idea of "mind" or "subject." Unlike the old doctrine, it does not affirm the reality of atoms; its ultimate stuff is sense-material. It reduces the subject of experience to a series of sense-data, and the sense-data are conceived as ontologically independent of the subject. Against this it was argued that the subject of experience is a real metaphysical existence. Experience consists in spiritual activity, and one type of this activity is sense-experience. The content, sense-data, is the particular form the activity assumes, and the form is determined by the interaction of individual subjects. The most pressing philosophical need of the day is to come to an agreement on this point. Until we are agreed as to whether there exists the subject or mind, there must be disagreement on the fundamental matter of philosophy, namely, the entities in terms of which theories may be formulated. Without a common platform philosophy will be left behind, a curious relic, by the intuitive wisdom of the vast mass of humanity.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Mon. 17. Institute of Actuaries, 5.—"On a Short Method of constructing Select Mortality Tables," Mr. G. King.
Royal Geographical, 5.—"International Aeronautical Maps," Lieut.-Col. E. F. W. Lees.
King's College, 5.30.—"Present-Day Portugal," Lecture I., Prof. G. Young.
Aristotelian, 8.—Second Discussion on "Space, Time and Deity."
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"The Restoration of Præneste," Mr. H. Chalton Bradshaw.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Aero Engines," Lecture I., Mr. Alan E. L. Chorlton. (Howard Lecture.)

Tues. 18. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Progress of Geodesy in India," Lecture I., Col. Sir Gerald P. Lenox-Conyngham.
Royal Asiatic, 4.30.—"The Buddhist Temples of the Diamond Mountain, Korea," Miss H. C. Bowser.
Royal Statistical, 5.15.
King's College, 5.30.—"John Locke and the English Philosophy," Lecture I., Prof. H. Wildon Carr.
Wed. 19. School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, noon.—"Africa in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," Lecture II., Miss Alice Werner.
School of Oriental Studies, 5.—"The Thugs, the Assassins of the Eighteenth Century," Dr. T. G. Bailey.
King's College, 5.15.—"Problems of Modern Science: Mathematics," Dr. J. W. Nicholson.
Geological, 5.30.—"The Lower Palaeozoic Rocks of the Llangollen District, with Especial Reference to the Tectonics," Dr. L. J. Wills and Mr. B. Smith.
Library Assistants' Association (Central Library, Pitfield Street, N.), 7.30.—Papers by Mr. Richards and Mr. Wilson.
Royal Meteorological, 8.—Annual Meeting; President's Address.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Future of Industrial Management," Mr. F. M. Lawson.
Thurs. 20. Royal Institution, 3.—"Biochemistry: Vitamins," Lecture I., Dr. A. Harden.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Magnetic Mechanical Analysis of Manganese Steel," by Sir Robert Hadfield, Mr. S. R. Williams and Mr. I. S. Bowen; "A Selective Hot-Wire Microphone," Dr. W. S. Tucker and Mr. E. T. Paris; and other Papers.
King's College, 5.—"The History and Evolution of Civil Law in Spain," Señor Juan de Callejon.
Royal Numismatic, 6.—"Aspilas, Satrap of Susiana," Mr. E. S. G. Robinson; "The Alleged Anglo-Saxon Mints of Bridgenorth and Harwich," Mr. L. Woosnam.
Chemical, 8.—"Quantitative Reduction by Hydriodic Acid of Halogenated Malonyl Derivatives, Part I.," Messrs. J. V. Backes, R. W. West and M. A. Whiteley; and other Papers.
Viking (University of London, South Kensington), 8.15.—"The Swastika," Dr. H. J. Dukinfield Astley.
Egypt Exploration (Royal Society's Lecture-Room, Burlington House), 8.30.—"Egypt and the Outer World in the Tell el-Amarna Period," Dr. H. R. Hall.

Fine Arts

PABLO PICASSO

PICASSO is supposed to share with Bracque the distinction of inventing Cubism, but he has a reputation all his own for the bewildering rapidity with which he changes from one phase of pictorial expression to another. The collection of his works at the Leicester Galleries shows, with only one serious gap, the various phases of his evolution up to the beginning of last year, and one is able to trace his development from Toulouse-Lautrec, through El Greco and Cézanne to Cubism, and thence to a very simplified kind of drawing in contours.

Someone with a mania for definition once asked Picasso for an explanation of his abstract paintings, and Picasso replied that he was not an abstract painter at all, but a realist. This is not so paradoxical as it sounds, for it is not difficult to find in his Cubist paintings a plentiful quantity of references to fact, and any realization of vision, whether literal or imaginative, may quite well be called realism. It is not, however, the references to fact which make Picasso's art interesting. The mandolines and glasses, the pipes, the ladies sitting in chairs reading *Le Journal*, are merely the elements from which he reconstructs a new and individual formal synthesis, and the emotional reactions of the spectator to the complexities of his designs are the only valid criteria for judgment. The spectator need not trouble himself in the slightest about the material objects which Picasso first disintegrated and then re-integrated in these pictures. They are not, as the vulgar suppose, jigsaw puzzles; they are arbitrary arrangements or combinations of form, created in obedience to an æsthetic

sensibility of singular refinement which is guided much less by theory than by an extraordinary perfection of taste. Those who can look at these pictures without prejudice will be greatly impressed by the nicety with which the formal elements are balanced, and this balance or coherence is most noticeable where Picasso has satisfied himself with a low register of colour, for in these examples the eye is not beguiled from the contemplation of related forms by an ulterior charm of bright colour. Once these harmonies are recognized, it will be seen that Picasso's Cubism is an art of fine perceptions. The masses are held together in an equilibrium so tenuous that over-emphasis in any part of the compositions would immediately make a jarring note. The play of form against form is controlled entirely by sensibility. Picasso is not a logician; his method, a very simple one, is transfused by the power of his feeling. This becomes quite clear when one notices with delight the subtle qualities of his line, which is of exactly the same nature in the so-called "abstract" paintings as in his more realistic work. Perhaps the restlessness which has driven him through so many phases in such a short period of time is a sign of weakness, but inventiveness is not necessarily instability. Picasso would more easily explain himself in this exhibition if one or two portraits like those of M. Sagot and Miss Stein were included, for it will be seen that he did not proceed to disintegrate form till he had realized its nature with an almost ferocious realism. There is, however, an etching of two gaunt figures seated at a table which shows his process of analysis working within the limits of representation, and the portrait of a girl belonging to his "blue period" is another plain clue to the basis of solid realism from which his abstractions have evolved. Really his weakness, if he has one, is a tendency towards prettiness or shrillness in composition; the harmonies are often at the top end of the scale and their sweetness is a little cloying. If, as it is said, Picasso has now given up Cubism, one indulges the hope that he may return to the influence of El Greco, for he has proved himself in the past a great master of dramatic intensity. O. R. D.

A BOOK OF DOVECOTES. By A. O. Cooke. (Foulis. 6s. net.)—This, says Mr. Cooke, is the first work of its kind, and therefore, though not exhaustive, it already has its distinction. Dovecotes, like windmills and thatched well-heads, are not the least of the beautiful and passing legacies of a more harmonious existence. In days before turnip and swede came in as stock's winter fodder, every farmer would have his hundreds of pigeons for kitchen use in the lean season; and these hundreds required their house. Our puny beevies live in wooden minarets with windvanes; those legions held tall towers of brick or stone. Too many of these seem to have been destroyed during the last century. In the main, they are round towers, sometimes with a dome, or hipped roof; the great dovecote at Newton-in-the-Willows, in Northamptonshire, however, is ark-shaped, or rather, like a barn. This building formerly housed two thousand pairs of birds. "The nests are empty now; but in the spring and summer wild bees make their nests in interstices in the walls." On this neglected and quiet subject Mr. Cooke writes with simple grace, enabling the reader to comprehend and to share his affection.

THE Goupil Gallery (5, Regent Street) is showing two pictures of first-rate importance by Gauguin which give a better idea of his genius than any hitherto exhibited in London. Those who like the adumbrations of Carrière will find a number of characteristic paintings by this very theoretical yet sentimental painter.

The inaugural exhibition of the Society of Graphic Arts at the Suffolk Galleries is a monument of industry containing some five hundred drawings, etchings, lithographs and woodcuts, and a solitary work of real distinction by the President, Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

Music

THE CASE OF GLASTONBURY

A PATHETIC interest attaches to the Glastonbury Festival now in progress, for when the announcement of it was made some time ago, an intimation was also given that it would probably be the last of its kind. This intimation one naturally connects with an appeal which appeared in the Press some months back stating that the Glastonbury venture was severely handicapped for want of funds, and might have to be abandoned unless a certain amount could be raised by public subscription by a given date. The appeal was signed by a number of influential people, who urged that Glastonbury has proved itself, artistically, an institution of national importance, and that a generous response to the appeal was to be desired. Now it is very difficult to withhold sympathy from such a cause. To its immediate supporters, at any rate, Glastonbury has meant a great deal, and any criticism it has received is certainly not due to personal hostility. Its most severe critics, probably, would feel glad in their heart of hearts to learn that the money had been forthcoming at the eleventh hour, and that the school would continue in being. And yet cold reason is unconvinced; it wants to know in what sense, exactly, the Glastonbury people can claim that their work is of national interest; it even asks, a little dubiously, whether they are justified, on their own showing, in making this appeal for public support.

The associations of the place have created in many quarters a wrong impression of what Mr. Boughton's aims are. When it was known that he and Mr. Buckley, having settled there, were engaged on a cycle of music-dramas based on the Arthurian legends, it was natural to credit Mr. Boughton with the hope of turning Glastonbury into an English Bayreuth, with himself in the cast as Wagner. Natural, we repeat; but incorrect. What his aims really were can most fairly be judged from a paper read by him to the Musical Association in 1917, in which he records the following convictions:

- (1) That the characteristics of a nation should find utterance in art generally, and more particularly in music and the music-drama.
- (2) That there has been of late a general recourse to folk-song as the primitive natural phraseology of music, and that this tendency to the broad musical expression of nationality as distinct from the narrower expressions of personality cannot fail of achievement unless the folk-art itself degenerates into a cult [an important reservation, we observe in parenthesis].
- (3) That (as Ruskin said) artists generally do not live by art alone, but by the toil of poor uncultured folk and the permission of wealthy cultured folk—a damnable state of affairs for all alike.
- (4) That the first thing to be done, therefore, is to simplify the art so that it may become a means of enjoyment to these poor uncultured folk. Modern music is too often the exclusive property of modern musicians and a very few leisured people. Moreover, not wishing to be parasites, artists must first earn a title to honest life by the production of some needful thing, and then devote their leisure to the common production and enjoyment of things of the mental and spiritual world.

Here, plainly, we can distinguish two distinct ideals: an artistic ideal and a social-economic ideal. With the former we are not for the moment concerned, but as many people honestly doubt whether such an ideal is either feasible or desirable, let us state, for our own part, that we are entirely on Mr. Boughton's side.

It is the economic aspect of the question that troubles us. It is not a question of agreeing or disagreeing in the abstract (as a matter of fact, we disagree; we do not think the best art is likely to be that which is produced in stray intervals of respite from ploughing, carpentering, tailoring, or any such "needful" occupations). It is a question of hard fact; Mr. Boughton's economic theory, as far as one can judge, simply does not work. At any rate, he finds

himself unable to continue his Blythedale experiment without a Zenobia, and the result, as we have seen, is an appeal for subscriptions. And what is that but an admission of Glastonbury's dependence, after all, on the "permission of wealthy cultured folk"—folk, moreover, whose wealth is probably due, in the last resort, to the toil of the uncultured? And by that admission is not the stronghold seriously undermined?

That in itself is of no great consequence; it means simply that in the present state of civilization artistic ventures of this kind cannot be self-supporting; failing a State subsidy, they must look to wealthy individuals for assistance. The breakdown of an economic experiment (we assume, without actual knowledge, that the experiment really was made) need not involve the abandonment of an artistic ideal, and so long as Mr. Boughton continues to produce operas we shall view with complete unconcern his failure to produce any more boots or tables or trousers. But facts are facts, and the essential fact at this juncture is that Glastonbury has not supported Mr. Boughton. Therefore Mr. Boughton is under no obligation to cleave to Glastonbury, and we should say that by far his wisest course was to turn his back on it and shake its dust off his shoes. Its only virtues were its remoteness, its inaccessibility, and its legendary associations. The last-named might have had some value for Mr. Boughton if his ambition had really been to create a Bayreuth in the West of England (and Bayreuth, one might remark, is considered by those who should know to be a plague-spot of commercial exploitation). The two former were virtues only so long as the social experiment was in being. On general grounds, if it is desired to engage public support for a professional school of music, dancing, stagecraft, and elocution, they are most definitely and positively shortcomings. Mr. Boughton and his company must be considered as professionals, and not as amateurs, for they show no desire to shun the public eye and they give exhibitions of their work in other towns besides Glastonbury. Why, then, fix headquarters in a town that is a Sabbath day's journey from everywhere, and can offer no facilities whatever to visitors who desire accommodation—a town that owns neither hotel nor theatre nor concert hall—a town, in short, that appears, from a practical point of view, to suffer from every conceivable disability?

Rich men are not in the habit of asking our advice, but should such a one chance to come to us for counsel we should be inclined to say: "Do all you can to provide Mr. Boughton and his followers with a new home; there is no future for them at Glastonbury, and you can do nothing for them if they insist on staying there."

R. O. M.

At his farewell recital on January 8 that admirable violinist M. Kochanski played the "Trille du Diable," Bach's Chaconne, and a group of pieces by M. Charles Szymanowski, who was at the piano. This composer evidently admires the pseudo-pagan impressionism of Debussy; his work is all style—a style that is too reminiscent and too full of tricks to be of any real value. Within these limits he shows a good deal of dexterity. The pieces were very cleverly played by M. Kochanski; but that beautiful instrument of his protested bitterly against being put to such menial use.

THE Year-Book Press maintain a high standard of publication. The latest parcel we have to acknowledge from them contains a number of unison songs and part songs by such well-known writers as Ethel Smyth, D. F. Tovey, T. F. Dunhill, E. L. Bainton, and Herbert Howells. Of some of these authors it might be said, perhaps, that they do not overstep the borderline that separates learning from inspiration. But the most you can demand of a publisher is that the work he publishes shall be sincere and technically competent. You may hope for more, and so may he, but that rests on the knees of the gods. There is nothing in this parcel of which either publisher or composer need be ashamed.

Drama

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

V.—THE CLASSICAL STAGE*

A YOUNG Englishman who called upon Goethe was advised by the poet to go to the theatre in order to improve his knowledge of German, and many teachers of German have passed on the great man's advice to their English pupils. There came a proud moment when my revered teacher pronounced me sufficiently advanced to benefit by seeing a play. Fortified by her reminiscences of the stage heroes of the 'sixties and 'seventies, and having made a hasty and not very conscientious attempt to prepare a few lines of my lesson with a dictionary, I went off to the Court Theatre of a small German capital to see Schiller's "Maria Stuart." I can recall only a stout and hysterical lady in the part of the heroine—I am told that she is still the heroine of that stage—and an elderly gentleman in the part of Young Mortimer, whose piercing yells frightened me away for several years from the classical German drama. A few days ago there reached me some criticisms of "Venice Preserv'd" as given in London by the Phoenix Society. The general verdict seemed to be that our modern English actors could no longer do justice to the grand tragic manner of Otway. German actors would have revelled in it. The German stage still preserves the heroic style of a hundred years ago. The very attitudes of the actors bring to mind those old-fashioned theatrical prints which our great-grandparents used to decorate with tinsel and coloured stuffs. It is not only the survivors from the last century who roar and rant in the prehistoric manner; actors who are still in their twenties can produce an *ut de poitrine* no less blood-curdling.

There are many reasons for the persistence of the old tradition. It was perpetuated by the permanent stock companies and the repertory system. Young actors who were engaged at a Court or municipal theatre naturally had to conform to the style of their seniors. The classical style lived on because the classical plays were continuously acted. Is it indeed conceivable, many people in Germany might ask, that the classical dramas should be acted in any other way? In England classical drama is so seldom performed that most actors come to it as something new and strange. Our classic observation on the classical drama is the old dictum "Shakespeare spells ruin." In Germany Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller are acted continually because they can always be counted upon to fill the house. I have seldom seen such pushing and crowding as there was one night at the Berlin equivalent of the "Old Vic" to get in to the first performance of "Pericles." One must count Shakespeare in with Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller because the standard translation of Shakespeare dates from their day, and is written in a language understood of the people. Hence Shakespeare is much more alive to Germans than to Englishmen, however familiar he may be in quotations. Our interest in Shakespeare is for the most part literary rather than dramatic. People who profess to know their Shakespeare well will generally say that they prefer not to see him on the stage. Germans might say that of the Second Part of "Faust," possibly even of the First Part, but of no other classical plays, and certainly never of Shakespeare. To them he is above all things the greatest of dramatists. In a German theatre the literary beauty—or such of it as remains in translation—may go hang: the play's the thing.

* The previous Letters appeared in 1920 on the following dates: Letter I., November 5; Letter II., November 19 and 26; Letter III., December 17; Letter IV., December 31.

Byron and Shelley wrote for the stage, but their plays are forgotten. In the case of Goethe and Schiller it is their plays, more than any other works, that have kept their memory alive. There is no need to discuss the respective merits of these four men as poets and as dramatists. The important fact is that Germany could in those days provide, and does still provide, theatres and audiences. In every town both population and corporation regard their theatre with a sense of proper pride. German writers bemoan the decay which the present unhappy conditions have brought upon it, and it is true enough that the theatre is becoming commercialized in the large towns and in the small ones suffering gradual extinction. Yet an English visitor can still look with some sense of wonder and awe upon a theatre that upholds, however tottering, the tradition that it is a temple of the Muses, a place of education for a people to whom education is not a mere object of ridicule. This attitude towards the theatre is mainly a growth of the nineteenth century. Goethe and Schiller wrote their plays at the fortunate moment when there were still princes to pay for their production, although they both of them had more than the entertainment of princes in view. Germany in those days was a land of "plain living and high thinking." As long as princes felt it their duty to finance the theatre, the people could see plays at ridiculously small charges. It may well have been cheaper to see plays than to read them, more economical, as well as more entertaining and agreeable, to subscribe to the theatre than to a circulating library. Theatregoing could develop into a habit as regular and also as respectable as churchgoing.

In England, everything comes from London. Provincial audiences have no local pride and nothing on which to expend it. They want to see a play, or still better an actor, who has been hoisted into celebrity by the London press. Hence the successful actor in England is not one who is versatile, but one who is always himself. The German actor, playing always in the same theatre, it may be for fifty years, would be intolerable if he did not concentrate his ambitions on versatility. Hence the average German actor has a far higher standard of technique, especially in speaking, than the average actor in England. Every beginner has to play small parts in classical plays, and he must deliver his one line with the proper classical style of elocution. Hence the technique of elocution is very definitely standardized, and as a natural result it is to a large extent conventional and monotonous.

Where the German actor fails—as German critics admit themselves—is in light social comedy. It is in light social comedy that the English actor—again according to German critics—is at his best. That style, as we know, dates from the days of Robertson. It is closely connected too with the change in the social status of the actor in England. The actor who makes a success in England is the man whom the suburban lady in the *matinée* audience thinks she would love to ask to tea. His success depends not on his technical skill as an actor, still less upon his power of giving bodily life to the thoughts of a poet; it depends almost exclusively on personal charm. No German actor or actress belonging to a permanent company ever depends on personal charm. Very few indeed seem even to possess it, or to be capable of making use of it in parts which positively demand its employment. The people whose chief asset is personal charm find their proper home in musical comedy or the cinematograph. It is, by the way, an interesting fact that whereas a good many actors of repute, especially the younger ones, are now earning considerable sums by acting for the cinematograph as well as in the theatre, the female celebrities of the film have little or no connection with the ordinary stage. The people who hold the attention of the German theatre are

the people with a strong sense of character and personality. Good looks count for very little. A *Heldendarsteller*—the sort of man who plays the ranting romantic parts in Schiller—must have a profile and a powerful voice; the people who play parts of real psychological interest are often grotesquely ugly. The women are equally disdainful of subsidiary attractions. What a German audience wants is emotion and intelligence. Needless to say the emotion may often degenerate into sentimentality or be strained to painful exaggeration. Exaggeration is the besetting sin of the German actor, or at any rate so it seems to an English listener who has never known the traditions of the English romantic period. But the quality which makes the German romantic actor of the classical school so intolerable, and makes almost more intolerable the German classical low comedian, has given the Germans an exceptional genius for playing what we in England call character-parts. In the language of the German theatre a *Charakterrolle* means such a part as Faust or Hamlet; what we call a character-part they call a *Chargenrolle*. There seems to have been in Hogarth's days a confusion in the English mind between the words *character* and *caricature*. The German habit of regarding the stage frankly as an unreal world in which all passions and emotions are exaggerated leads the German actor to play almost every character with a touch of caricature, but it also inclines him to play caricature parts with a strong sense of real character.

Germany, like a certain theatrical artist who has been better appreciated there than in his own country, is "obsessed with the heroic." It was this obsession that caused Germany to envisage Oscar Wilde as a hero, and it is Wilde who is gradually curing the obsession. To Germans he represents an English art of life for which their admiration is so naïve and humble that it would be cruel to call it snobbery. To the German intellect Shaw is more sympathetic; Wilde appeals to their imagination. It is the transference of adoration from Schiller to Wilde that is bringing about a new conception of Goethe. In Reinhardt's theatres, or rather in those that were his, the old-fashioned style of acting still prevails. At Darmstadt and Stuttgart, where more modern influences are making themselves felt—and very possibly in other places as well—they are learning to act even the classics naturally. Hartung at Darmstadt had Schiller's Joan of Arc played by an *ingénue*, a girl of seventeen, instead of by a *tragédienne* of age and experience. At Stuttgart, under the direction of Wilhelm von Scholz, "Egmont" was given with simplified scenery and with a normal human style of elocution. English actors, ashamed to rant, but untrained in poetical speaking, would probably have made "Egmont" sound pompous and trivial. The German actor has both the technique and the intelligence to acquire new principles. I realized, as I had never done before, the beauty of Goethe's carefully considered prose. The characters became men and women, not strutting mimes, and men and women whose nobility of language expressed their nobility of character. The English theatre, weary of the heroic manner, cast it upon the dust-heap. The German theatre, which had preserved it with perhaps too deep a sense of *pietas*, has wearied of it no less, but is preserving its foundations as a groundwork upon which to build up the drama of the future.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THOSE who witnessed the production of "The Dynasts" and "As You Like It" at Oxford last year will anticipate no mean achievement in the forthcoming performances of "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. Bridges-Adams is named as the producer: preparations are far advanced. The dates will be February 6—11.

"THROUGH THE CRACK"

THE Everyman Theatre at Hampstead has secured for its Christmas piece a children's play of a true and delicate individuality. Mr. Algernon Blackwood and Miss Violet Pearn blend the wisdom of childhood and the longings of mature age in "Through the Crack" more skilfully, perhaps, than any English authors have done since "Peter Pan" was written—only they have not realized, like Barrie, the all-importance of vigorous action and narrative in a fairy-tale, no matter what its type or purpose. In its place they give us fun and fancy, and a good share of romping and a few tears, and that graceful turn of dialogue which is always found in plays where Mr. Blackwood collaborates, and so appears to be his personal contribution. A great deal of the charm of the performance is also due to the relationship, as of a family party, which the Everyman company is undoubtedly establishing with its audience; when the party is a free-and-easy Christmas party, this sense of cordial intimacy is especially pleasant. One of its signs is the naturalness and self-possession with which the children acting in the piece get through their work—as though no audience of "strangers" was watching them. We suppose Miss Audrey Cameron (who plays a school-boy so admirably) must be accounted almost among the grown-ups, and so must Miss Renée Mayer, whose graces acquired at Drury Lane are not so unsophisticated as those of the real Everyman children, though they have their own attractiveness. We come quite to the grown-ups, anyhow, with Mr. Douglas Jefferies's "Policeman," a heavily damaging satire on law and order which provokes a continual gurgle of laughter throughout the play, and with Miss Dorothy Massingham's embodiment of a bereaved young mother, which is extraordinarily dainty and touching.

We must add that here, as in "The Crossing," the philosophy which Mr. Blackwood offers us so winningly is a little perplexing. What does he really mean by the suggestion that the little dead girl, "Misty-Love," is, if the eyes of the old were as open as those of the young to see her, still playing with her brothers and sister and ready to console her mother? Does he mean simply that she lives to comfort and gild imagination? Is "The Crack" just a glimpse into ideal values? If so, we are offered what comforts those who need no comforting. Or does he mean that she survives séance-wise as a visible little ghost, if you know how to look for her? If so, the proof limps behind the poetry, and yet in "The Crossing" Mr. Blackwood has shown that Spiritualism can be clothed in poetry. That is quite a remarkable thing to have done.

D. L. M.

Correspondence

"VENICE PRESERV'D"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It has been the habit of modern English critics to demand that dramatists should justify their central figures and that the motives of such characters should be consistent in every respect. Previous to the moralization of our drama, this was not the point of view of our playwrights, who did not seek to enforce any moral or didactic lesson other than that afforded by life itself. Shakespeare painted Claudio for us in "Much Ado about Nothing"; he refrained from making any comment of his own, he gave him to us with all his faults, and we were left free to approve or censure as we were disposed. In the same manner we may sympathize or not with the designs of Viola as we may like, and according to our point of view we shall approve or disapprove of the cold, calculating chastity of Isabella. In the same manner the early Hebrew artists in their character-sketches of their national heroes, Jacob and King David, preferred candid realism to sentimental idealism. In this they were true to life, in which there is no character who is not actuated sometimes by motives extremely contradictory.

D. L. M. falls foul of Otway (ATHENÆUM, December 10, 1920) because he thinks it monstrous that Pierre should scheme to murder a whole assembly, and yet should harbour fine sentiments as to friendship and as to personal honour. Evidently D. L. M. has moved in pleasant places far removed from the haunts of political conspirators. Unfortunately for

myself, it has been my lot to come into conflict, in the country where I live, with fanatics who hold very strict ideas as to personal conduct, and yet who think it no sin to murder whole groups of people. Although I myself have been an object of their threats, I should not be stating the truth were I to deny that these assassins are actuated by the very loftiest of motives and that they are under the impression that they are doing God a service. But to see this curious topsyturviness of morals best exemplified you need not take a Frenchman like Pierre or one of us poor Irishmen; you have a great English exponent of morality such as Jeremy Collier, much beloved, though probably unread, by several present-day writers. Jeremy condoned assassination while he denounced adultery and profanity of speech. As to the uxorious, affectionate, but vacillating and weak-willed Jaffier, is he not paralleled in life itself?

D. L. M. has approached the play in the wrong spirit, if he will pardon my saying so. He acts towards the characters as though he were a justice weighing the credibility of witnesses or estimating the excuses tendered by the prisoners. This is not the function of a dramatic critic. Drama deals in broad effects and its ends are very simple, being no more than the entertainment of an audience. Does Otway achieve that effect? Is he capable of holding our attention to-day, as he did our forefathers'? As one who witnessed the performance at the Lyric Theatre, I venture my opinion that he still succeeds, and this although I was not altogether satisfied with the interpretation. In one matter I am in thorough agreement with D. L. M., and that is in regard to Miss Edith Evans' impersonation of Aquilina. Her acting was the feature of the performance.

RICHMOND NOBLE.

Lisnatore, Suffolk,
Dunmurry, co. Antrim.

BOOK-PRICES IN CANADA

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am pleased to note the protest, in your "Literary Gossip" of December 3, against the high prices charged in the United States for English books. But the profiteering of Canadian booksellers is worse. In Toronto and Montreal it is the usual thing to charge ninety cents (normally the equivalent of 3s. 6d.) for a book sold retail in England for 1s. 6d. Recently I was charged four dollars in Montreal for a book which I afterwards discovered was published to sell at 6s. At that time four dollars had an exchange value of more than £1. Duty on books coming into Canada is only 5 per cent. The bookseller bought the book for less than 5s., counting the duty and freight (or even postal) charges. And he sold it for more than 20 shillings! Several English publishing houses have branches in this country, and it has often surprised me that no protest is made by them.

I am, Sir, yours,
CARLETON W. STANLEY.

University Club of Montreal,
December 23, 1920.

CENTRALIZED ART SOCIETIES

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In the *Daily Telegraph* an M.P. spoke up the other day for "The Young British Artist," thinking to solve his problem by begging the R.A. to open its doors to all kinds of art.

Later, in the *Morning Post*, an article (followed by interviews with established artists of various kinds) further opened up discussion on the state of the arts and of artists in England to-day. Especially enlightening were the reported remarks of C. W. R. Nevinson, who seems to me to have hit the nail on the head.

Ever since I returned from America I have recognized that the day of small isolated groups and societies was over and that we must move towards a form of organization more in line with the needs of the times. In "Drawing and Design," and when I have lectured at the Sociological Society and for the London Society in particular, I have pointed out that all the small societies must die of lack of funds, and that the only thing which can do for us what the Salon d'Automne did for so long for the French is an organization centralizing the independent groups outside the Academy. Such an

organization would be powerful, it would provide the inevitable opposition to the Royal Academy and would give the non-academic artist a chance to find a real public.

Such an institution would keep costs down by pooling the resources of all the small societies on the one hand, and, on the other, by eliminating the office expenses of the innumerable small groups, who must all have secretaries, paper, stamps and advertisements, to say nothing of galleries and printing, to pay for. Such an organization as I have (and long ago!) proposed, should be called THE BRITISH FEDERATION OF ART SOCIETIES, and might be in a position to borrow the galleries at Burlington House every autumn and so lend dignity and importance to the non-academic art of this country. Such an annual exhibition might reasonably draw as large a public as does the Spring Show of the R.A.

I think all social-minded artists would fall in with the widening of their small groups into such a Federation—for it must be plain to them that things cannot go on as they are; the small exhibitions have long been half empty and the expenses of exhibiting are piling up.

Another side to the matter is the increased cost of artists' materials. The British Federation of Art Societies might be also a co-operative artists' supply society, thus eliminating the middleman's profit for the benefit of the artist by bringing the producer of materials into direct touch with the consumer of them. Such a Federation might also have permanent centres where good art could always be on sale, and these centres might be in the hands of the few expert dealers and salesmen whom the Federation could convert, and who might accept a salary and put their knowledge and tact at the disposal of a national organization such as this would be.

In the interests of British Artists I hope you will find room to print this rather long epistle.

Yours truly,
AMELIA DEFRIES.

21, Albemarle Street, W.,
January 4, 1921.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of November 12 you call attention to the fact that Vienna is the first city in the world to produce Mr. Shaw's "Heartbreak House," "which will be acted at the Burgtheater on November 16." It may interest you to know that the Theater Guild of New York produced "Heartbreak House" on November 10, and that its production is continuing to draw large and enthusiastic audiences to its seven performances each week. You will find reviews of this production by Ludwig Lewisohn in the *New York Nation* for December 1, and by O. W. Firkins in the *Freeman* for December 1.

Faithfully yours,
WINIFRED SMITH.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York,
December 8, 1920.

"THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In your number of December 24, 1920, in the article "A Hundred Years Ago," you refer to the exhibition in 1820 of Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa." Permit me to say that this picture, which you say "seems to have been a somewhat spectacular performance," is one of the most famous paintings in the Museum of the Louvre. May I also correct your spelling of the artist's name? It is not Jerricault, but Géricault.

Yours faithfully,
ATHERTON CURTIS.
17, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris,
January 4, 1921.

JOE MILLER is not extinct, but he is an altered man. He has apparently discarded his red neckerchief and acquired a collar. The wrapper of "With the Walnuts and the Wine" (Mills & Boon, 3s. 6d. net) discovers seven Joe Millers in evening dress, gravely regarding each other over a pattern dessert, and suspiciously like that "party in a parlour, All silent and all damned." We feared that this might be due to the jokes inside, but happily this is not the explanation. A number of them are worthy of Joe, and one or two recall the freedom of the neck-wrap period.

Foreign Literature

THE PROBLEM OF ART

HISTOIRE DE L'ESTHÉTIQUE FRANÇAISE (1700-1900). Par T. M. Mustoxidi. (Paris, Champion. 20fr.)

AT the present moment, when a quite unusual amount of attention is being paid to the principles of literary criticism, M. Mustoxidi's study is very opportune. That it deals wholly with French works does not mean that it is a markedly inadequate survey of criticism in general, for many of the later French systems embody the results of German and English theories. And the further limitation the author imposes upon himself, by confining his attention wholly to "aesthetic systems," as distinguished from "artistic doctrines," merely defines his purpose. The author defines an artistic doctrine as one that has a utilitarian end; it exists either to exhibit a method of creating works of art, or to justify certain existing works of art at the expense of others. As examples of artistic doctrines the author cites "L'Art Poétique" of Boileau, the "Préface de Cromwell" of V. Hugo, and "Le Roman Expérimental" of Zola. These examples make clear the distinction M. Mustoxidi has in mind; the English reader will be able to think of obvious parallels in his own literature. We are not quite sure that, by neglecting the artists for the philosophers, the author has not neglected some hints as important as those he discovers, for it is only in hints that he finds solid contributions to the subject. Indeed, part of his aim is to show that all "systems" are premature, that the creation of aesthetic systems is only another manifestation of the philosopher's typical vice. It is the scientific method, M. Mustoxidi insists, which must be applied in this domain as in all others. With the spirit of this contention we are in sympathy, although we doubt whether M. Mustoxidi is quite aware of the modifications that must be imported into the scientific method when it is applied to data on which universal agreement is not obtainable. However, the scientific method is now enjoying great and deserved prestige, and if it is employed by men who know where it does not apply, we may expect results of value.

M. Mustoxidi adopts a purely chronological classification of works on aesthetics. It is a classification which has, of course, important advantages, but in a work of this sort we should have preferred a classification by similarity. The Aristotelian theory of "imitation," for instance, emerges at different times, and it would have been interesting to trace the various forms assumed by this one theory. The connection of art and morality is another point which has engaged the attention of a large number of writers, the connection being sometimes conceived in the manner of Dr. Johnson—that works of art should preach sound morality—and sometimes in the almost mystical sense of complete identification. Thus we find Ballanche writing, in 1801, "Au fond de mon cœur je trouve cette autre maxime que le beau et le bon sont identiques"; and, "Ainsi les lois du goût et celles de la morale ne sont peut-être qu'une même chose." M. Mustoxidi has no sympathy with theories of this kind; he does not hesitate to dismiss a writer in rather summary fashion, and sometimes, perhaps, he is more vigorous than convincing. Theories which invoke the "ideal," "la belle nature," Platonic ideas and God seem to have been adopted by most writers on aesthetics up to the time of Taine. Taine's own extremely unsatisfactory attempt to apply what he imagined to be the scientific method in literary criticism is analysed and refuted at some length by M. Mustoxidi. The obvious inversion of the theory, as developed by Hennequin, is also shown to be unsatisfactory. While Taine considered that the milieu formed the work of art, Hennequin thought that the work of art formed the milieu. There is no reason

why one theory, rather than the other, should be believed, and neither is in the least scientific. Sainte-Beuve was more scientific than either, if only because he took account of more factors.

With the rise of "monographs" M. Mustoxidi considers that the investigation of works of art has become more scientific. His account of these works is too brief to enable us to form any judgment as to their value; we see, however, that works of literature, music and painting are all being investigated. It must not be assumed that conclusions drawn from the study of one art can be applied to another, nor, indeed, that the æsthetic emotion exists. A scientific inquiry will certainly not start with any such assumption. If the philosophic method is to be discarded, it must be discarded completely. And if the scientific method is to be employed, it must not be by men like Proudhon, unable to tell a good work from a bad one. It would seem, indeed, that the scientific method must be employed by artists, or near-artists. It will be an interesting attempt.

J. W. N. S.

LETTERS FROM PARIS

VI.—POE AND THE FRENCH MIND (Part II.)*

FOR whereas a Keats, a Shelley, a Coleridge never sought originality, but were content with supremely achieving it, in accord with the beautiful words of Keats himself in his letter to John Hamilton Reynolds (February 3, 1818): "Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject. How beautiful are the retired flowers! How would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway, crying out, 'Admire me, I am a violet! Dote upon me, I am a primrose!'"—the position of the French poet is very different: to achieve greatness he is, so to say, condemned to originality, and as time elapses he will always become more so. The reasons of his predicament are numerous, and they belong to different orders. They lie primarily in the medium with which he has to deal. He is handicapped at the outset by the relative scarcity of the vocabulary at his command—a scarcity which lends even to his most glorious trophies of expression that indefinable air of having been fastidiously picked and chosen from which the work of his more happily situated brother is so singularly free. To the great French poet how often might not be applied Landor's famous line on Dryden:

He wrestles with and conquers Time.

But even this scarcity of vocabulary is far less prejudicial than two other properties that seem inherent to the French language: the sharply defined outline of each word, and the strict and universally accepted meaning which is attached to it. Most English words possess, around the hard central core, an aura, what one might term a plastic, ductile zone—and in that zone the poet may freely exercise his modelling faculty without ever conveying a sense of undue violence. The French poet is face to face with the following dilemma: either he accepts the language as he finds it, and then commonplace and conventionality lie near at hand; or if he be appointed to greatness, he instils into each of the customary words those few drops from the personal elixir which give to every word when used by a master just that deflection from the ordinary sense, and that inflection as of a new voice, which constitute perhaps the most mysterious triumph of the art of writing. For the French poet, such triumphs are hardly won; and in French verse the form of originality perhaps the most arduous of all to achieve is the one in which both the deflection and the inflection alike remain almost invisible, the form commemorated in Boileau's saying about Racine: "Je lui ai appris à faire difficilement des vers faciles." Racine, La Fontaine, André Chénier, how few the names of those who really succeed! The obstacles that lie in the medium are further complicated by historical causes: my readers will have noticed that the movement towards "la poésie pure" began very late in France—in the

middle of the nineteenth century, with Baudelaire. Now, up to that time, not only was no line drawn between the sphere of lyrical poetry and that of eloquence, but both were considered so closely allied—and it must be confessed that so many works showed the alliance—that such an historian "des genres littéraires" as Brunetière was never weary of calling attention to their affinities without having once been struck by the confusion upon which the so-called affinities rested. We were far indeed, at the beginning of last century, from Verlaine's

Prends l'éloquence et tords lui son cou;

and by a very unhappy conjuncture most of the great poets wrote and flourished before the separation between lyrical poetry and eloquence took place. The result was doubly unfortunate: first, in so far that a great deal of their work is drowned in verbose and irrelevant considerations; secondly, because they used an enormous number of poetical themes which, when at last appeared the men able to apply to them the best treatment, had already lost something of their freshness and of their bloom. The difficulties with which a Baudelaire—later a Mallarmé—to-day a Valéry—had, or have, to contend are tremendous. More and more, as the poetical themes go on exhausting themselves, will the great French poet be condemned to originality; and to the dicta of an Edgar Poe, from which a Keats would have quietly turned away, he gives and, in a sense, is bound to give an attentive hearing—especially as he himself has thought so much, and to such good purpose, on the matter.

Of course, I do not mean for a moment to insinuate that men of the critical flair and sharpness of Baudelaire, Mallarmé and M. Paul Valéry should ever have taken the "Philosophy of Composition" otherwise than *cum grano salis*—though Baudelaire, for a long period, was truly a Poe-intoxicated man, and it speaks volumes for the soaring autonomy of his poetical genius that, given the intoxication, "Les Fleurs du Mal" should, on the whole, be so free from any taint of Poe's mannerisms; yet I, for my part, should readily understand if the "Philosophy of Composition," the infinitely more valuable essay on the Poetic Principle and the vivid "Marginalia" had engaged their interest, and arrested their attention, even more than they did. For Poe's mind represents almost exactly what would become of the working of a certain type of French mind—well trained and of a high order—if it were suddenly severed from the background of preferences and traditions, the background of an anonymous taste upon which it all instinctively, yet all unwittingly, falls back. Such a mind, prompted by a native, half-freakish playfulness, combined with sheer intellectual zest, has an irresistible tendency to push an idea just as far as it can possibly go—to see what may come out of it, not in the least brought down, but rather exhilarated, by what Mr. Berenson calls somewhere "the idea's logical bitter end." Add to this the natural bent of the born mechanic who takes at least as much pleasure à démonter la machine qu'à la construire, and here again what does Poe say? (he is, indeed, a forerunner!) "It is the curse of a certain order of mind that it can never rest satisfied with the consciousness of its ability to do a thing. Not even is it content with doing it. It must both know and show how it was done." *La fabrication*, or what M. Valéry—carrying on the delicate tradition of the Frenchman of the older type who always understates when he alludes to his own aims—insists on calling, in familiar talk, *la recette*, excites the curiosity of such an order of mind to a point that amounts to a sort of fascination. And it is here that, deprived of the safeguard of an ingrained taste, Poe's danger looms large. "Poe's taste was never very sure"; Mr. Gosse himself admits as much, and I am glad to feel backed here by such an admirer of his poetry. It belonged to that sort of taste which is essentially an accomplishment, rather than the result of a slow inner flowering; under their flawless surface such tastes preserve a certain hardness, and exquisite though they appear and, in a sense, are, they yet remain liable to occasional lapses—as can be seen even in the case of a taste that was a much finer and subtler instrument than Poe's, in the case of Whistler. Poe's taste is, so to speak, entirely absorbed in the working out of each separate poem, and, in the intervals, nothing remains to temper and control the play of the mind as such. To take an example: if there is one thing which Poe thought that he always knew, it was where and when to stop. As far

* The first part of this Letter appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for January 7.

as the poems are concerned he knew it very often indeed, though not always; but he did not know it at all as regards his own thought, and here his ignorance might be construed as legitimate: for the mind, as such, has not to stop; to taste, and to taste only, does it belong to impose upon the mind the time to stop; and it is here precisely that, backed by the infallible tact of the race in such matters, the French come out so great.

But there is still another trait, and perhaps the most characteristic of all, which Poe has in common with a certain type of French mind: I mean an attitude that retains something mechanical, one would almost say physical, in its dealings with things spiritual, in particular with the feeling of mystery. All the best English and American critics have been struck by the fact, and it did not escape the notice of M. André Suarès, who, whenever he chooses to exercise the gift, shows himself such an independent and penetrating judge of literature. In a remarkable essay, "Idées sur Edgar Poe," which is to be found in the second series of "Sur la Vie," he says: "Son intelligence ne s'arrête pas au mystère; elle s'y applique, mais toujours charnellement." The want of that very spirituality which he always invokes, and almost drags in—such seems to be the most serious flaw in Edgar Poe's equipment. Now the pure Frenchman, so profusely endowed with mental and artistic gifts, is not, by nature, spiritual, and is therefore far less liable than anybody else to suffer from that want of true spirituality. Those few attributes which perpetually recur in Poe's work, which he considers as the adequate vehicles of the feeling of mystery, but in which that feeling is materialized to such a degree that they sometimes strike us as mere "accessoires de théâtre," do not disconcert some French minds because they view them simply as the proper tools and implements of an artist. But all this would probably be admitted by Mr. Gosse himself, who says that "the best of Poe's poems are those in which he deals less boisterously with the sentiment of mystery."

CHARLES DU BOS.

PRINCES DE L'ESPRIT. Par Camille Mauclair. (Paris, Ollendorff. 10fr.)—This is a volume of essays on writers and painters. Four of the writers chosen by M. Mauclair—Poe, Flaubert, Mallarmé, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam—are particularly interesting, and his studies of Mallarmé and Villiers are at once brilliant and solid. The essays on Poe and Flaubert seem to us less satisfying. In each of them M. Mauclair has a rather far-fetched theory to propound: in the former, that Poe was primarily a thinker, a metaphysician; in the latter, that Flaubert was primarily a Christian, a moralist. These ideas, pursued remorselessly, produce in the end what appear to us to be curiously distorted portraits of both writers. The more important of the remaining essays are concerned with Delacroix, and with some works of Tiepolo. M. Mauclair has put a great deal of care and thought into these studies, which stretch over a considerable number of years. He writes from a profound knowledge, and we cordially recommend his book.

DANS LE JARDIN DU FÉMINISME. Par Colette Yver. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 6fr. 75.)—Mme. Yver is not a feminist herself, but she discusses the question of feminism from every point of view with wisdom and good humour; in fact, the philosophic temper of this book, its perfect reasonableness, and careful avoidance of overstatement are remarkable. Mme. Yver writes of the scientific education of girls, of marriage, of women's work in its relation to marriage, and from her novels one knew that she had been occupied with such questions years ago. She is not a reactionary, she is not satisfied with the old order of things, she believes in the training of girls so that if they fail to marry their lives need not be empty and wasted, she believes in the greater freedom nowadays granted to them; where she remains conservative is in her attitude towards marriage itself. The book is interesting and well written; we think, indeed, it would be worth translating, for most of the points discussed are as pertinent to English as to French life.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

Glenconner (Pamela, Lady). The Earthen Vessel: a Volume dealing with Spirit Communication received in the form of Book-Tests by the Author. Pref. by Sir Oliver Lodge. 7½x5. 182 pp. Lane, 6/ n.

*Ruggiero (Guido de). Modern Philosophy. Tr. by A. Howard Hannay and R. G. Collingwood (Library of Philosophy). 8½x5½. 402 pp. Allen & Unwin, 16/ n.

RELIGION.

Delatte (Rt. Rev. Dom Paul). The Rule of St. Benedict: a Commentary. Tr. by Dom Justin McCann. 10x6½. 524 pp. Burns & Oates, 21/ n.

Hayes (Will). The Cure of Souls: a Parable. 7½x4½. 59 pp. Daniel, 2/ n.

Jastrow (Morris), Jr. The Book of Job: its Origin, Growth and Interpretation. Together with a New Translation based on a Revised Text. 8½x6½. 369 pp. Lippincott, 18/ n.

Keable (Robert). My Rosary: its Meaning and Use. 6½x4½. 30 pp. Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 2/ n.

Mellone (Sydney Herbert). The New Testament and Modern Life. 7½x5. 286 pp. Lindsey Press, 6/ n.

Poore (L. C.). Man and God. 7½x5. 104 pp. Stock, 4/6 n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

Carrasco (José). Bolivia's Case for the League of Nations. 7½x4½. 156 pp. map. Selwyn & Blount, 5/ n.

Gill (Conrad) and Valentine (C. W.). Government and People: an Introduction to the Study of Citizenship. 7½x5. 307 pp. Methuen, 7/6 n.

Lovat (Alice, Lady). Marriage and Motherhood. Pref. by Cardinal Bourne. 7½x4½. 198 pp. Burns & Oates, 6/ n.

McKnight (W. A.). Ireland and the Ulster Legend; or, The Truth about Ulster. 8½x5½. 95 pp. map, statistical tables. King, 2/ n.

Rose (F. H.). Stop the Strike: a Plea for Industrial Peace. Foreword by J. R. Clynes. 7½x4½. 39 pp. St. Catherine Press, 6d. n.

Salt (Edward M.). Government and Politics of France (Government Handbooks). 7½x4½. 493 pp. Harrap, 10/6 n.

EDUCATION.

Patterson (R. F.), ed. English Prose and Verse: an Anthology (The Study of English). 6½x4½. 126 pp. Blackie, 2/6.

Waters (C. M.). A School Economic History of England. 7½x5. 327 pp. il. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 5/6 n.

Winbolt (S. E.). A Survey of English Grammar (The Study of English). 6½x4½. 144 pp. Blackie, 2/6.

Woodhouse (Thomas) and Brand (Alexander). Textile Mathematics, Part I. 7½x4½. 122 pp. Blackie, 2/6.

PHILOLOGY.

Van Ess (John). An Aid to Practical Written Arabic. 7½x5. 384 pp. Milford, 21/ n.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

Haagner (Alwin). South African Mammals: a Manual for the Use of Field Naturalists, Sportsmen and Travellers. 8½x5½. 268 pp. Witherby, 20/ n.

MEDICAL.

Buckley (Albert C.). The Basis of Psychiatry (Psychobiological Medicine): a Guide to the Study of Mental Disorders for Students and Practitioners. 9½x6½. 459 pp. Lippincott, 30/ n.

Hess (Alfred F.). Scurvy, Past and Present. 8½x5½. 279 pp. il. Lippincott, 18/ n.

FINE ARTS.

Encina (Juan de la). Los Maestros del Arte Moderno de Ingres a Toulouse-Lautrec. 9½x6½. 149 pp. pl. Madrid, Editorial Saturnino Calleja.

Parkes (Kineton). Etchings and Drypoint Engravings of David Neave. 8½x5½. 16 pp. Lefèvre & Son, 1a, King Street, St. James's.

MUSIC.

- ***Jaques-Dalcroze (Emile)**. Rhythm, Music and Education. Tr. by Harold F. Rubinstein. Introd. by Sir W. H. Hadow. 9x5½. 272 pp. Musical Supplement, 16 pp. Chatto & Windus, 15/ n.

AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

- Cameron (L. C. R.)**. Minor Field Sports. 7½x5. 174 pp. Routledge, 4/6 n.
- Tebbutt (C. G.)**, **Read (Archibald)** and **Tebbutt (Arnold)**. Skating and Bandy. Rewritten by Claude E. Benson. 7½x5. 143 pp. Routledge, 1/6 n.

LITERATURE.

- ***Bennett (Arnold)**. Things that Have Interested Me. 7½x5½. 332 pp. Chatto & Windus, 9/ n.
- ***Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association**. Vol. VI. Collected by A. C. Bradley. 8½x5½. 145 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 6/6 n.
- ***King (William)**, **Arbuthnot (John)**, and **other Hands**. A Miscellany of the Wits (The Scholar's Library). Introd. by K. N. Colville. 9x5½. 318 pp. P. Allan, 15/ n.
- Scarborough (Dorothy)**. From a Southern Porch. 7½x4½. 318 pp. Putnam, 10/6 n.
- ***Shakhnovski**. Short History of Russian Literature. Supplementary Chapter by Serge Tomkeyeff. 7½x5. 180 pp. Kegan Paul, 4/6 n.
- ***Sinclair (Upton)**. The Brass Check: a Study of American Journalism. 7x4½. 441 pp. Hendersons, 3/6 n.
- Winternitz (Dr. M.)**. Geschichte der Indischen Litteratur: Band II. Hälfte II. Die heiligen Texte der Jainas. 9½x6½. 125 pp. Leipzig, C. F. Amelang, Stephanstrasse 1, 15m.
- Wright (C. H. C.)**. French Classicism (Harvard Studies in Romance Languages, 4). 9½x6½. 187 pp. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), \$2.50 n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Adamson (Margot Robert)**. The Desert and the Sown; and other Poems. 7½x4½. 84 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 3/6 n.
- Alexander (Sir William)**, **Earl of Stirling**. Poetical Works: Vol. I. Dramatic Works. Ed. by L. E. Kastner and H. B. Charlton (English Series, 10). 9½x5½. 696 pp. Manchester Univ. Press, 28/ n.
- Charlemagne (the Distracted Emperor)**. An anonymous Elizabethan Drama, edited, with a Critical Introd. and Notes, by Franck L. Schoell. 10½x7½. 156 pp. Princeton, N.J., Univ. Press (Milford), 12/6 n.
- Hume (Blanche)**. Songs from Argentina. II. from paintings by the Author. 7½x4½. 61 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 4/6 n.
- Mills (Ethel M.)**. The Blessed Service: Poems on Holy Communion. 6½x4½. 27 pp. Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 2/6 n.
- Nelson (Horace)**. Musings and Memories. 7½x4½. 71 pp. Simpkin & Marshall, 3/6 n.
- Richardson (Mary R.)**. Cornish Headlands; and other Lyrics. 7½x5. 102 pp. Cambridge, Heffer, 4/6 n.

FICTION.

- ***Cobb (Thomas)**. The Impossible Apollo. 7½x5. 299 pp. Lane, 8/6 n.
- Deamer (Dulcie)**. Revelation. 7½x5½. 314 pp. Fisher Unwin, 8/6 n.
- Hill (Grace Livingston)**. Cloudy Jewel. 7½x5. 352 pp. Lippincott, 7/6 n.
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